

FAIRM STOCK

Fattening Dairy Steers Is Profitable Business

The dairyman who has a number of bull calves on hand that cannot be disposed of for breeding purposes often wonders what to do with them when they have reached one year of age. Can they be castrated, dehorned and fattened for the market at that age by the breeders themselves, or can they be sold to men who are in the feeding business? To answer the question the Ohio experiment station conducted a feeding test with six Holstein bull calves, 11.5 months of age, when they weighed an average of 626 pounds per head.

The bull calves were dehorned and castrated in December, 1921, and on January 17, 1922, at the weight mentioned, were put on feed, a ration of ground corn, oil meal, mixed hay and corn stover being fed. During a period of 154 days they consumed an average of 14 pounds ground corn, 2.5 pounds oil meal, 4.4 pounds mixed hay and 2.2 pounds corn stover. On this they made a daily gain of 2.57 pounds per head, at a cost of \$10.16 per 100 pounds gain.

During the same period a lot of Angus calves averaging 632 pounds per head were fed the same feeds. They consumed about two pounds corn meal, two pounds hay and one pound stover less per head than the dairy steers and gained 86 of a pound less per head per day. The dairy steers, in other words, proved to be the heaviest eaters and also made a slightly larger gain per pound of feed consumed.

The dairy steers produced 100 pounds of gain at a cost of \$10.16 and the Angus steers at a cost of \$10.34.

The dairy steers were put in the feed lot at a valuation of \$4.25 per 100 pounds and the beef steers at a value of \$7 per hundred. The former sold on the market for \$8.50 and the latter for \$9.75 a hundred. The profit on the dairy steers was \$10.83 per head and on the beef steers \$6.62.

This test, so far as one test of this sort can prove anything, showed conclusively that dairy steers can be fed out at a good profit by the feeder when he buys them at the right price and, also, that they make excellent use of their feed.

Purebred Ram Shown to Be Best Mutton Producer

During a feeding trial with two lots of ewes at the Missouri experiment station have shown that lambs from a purebred ram grow and fatten much faster and sell at much higher prices per pound than lambs from a scrub ram and exactly similar ewes.

The average total gain of the lambs sired by the better ram was 2.54 pounds more at three months (93.61 days) of age than the average total gain of the lambs sired by the inferior ram at four months (122.5 days) of age. The average daily gain of the better lambs was 26.6 per cent greater than that of the lot of lambs sired by the inferior ram.

The feed eaten per 100 pounds gain by the lot of lambs sired by the inferior ram was 59 per cent more than that eaten by the lambs sired by the superior ram. The grain eaten per 100 pounds gain was 88.78 pounds for the former lot and only 52.81 pounds for the latter.

At three months of age the lambs sired by the ram of mutton type were 2.30 pounds heavier and made a total gain of 8.48 pounds greater than the lambs sired by the inferior ram. The lambs from the scrub sire required 28 per cent more grain per 100 pounds gain than did the other lot.

Lambs sired by the good ram sold for \$7.35 per 100 pounds, while those sired by the inferior ram brought only \$4.50 per 100 pounds.

The lambs from the good sire were thicker fleshed, smoother, broader in back and lighter in pelts than those from the scrub.

Feeding Fish Meal or Tankage for Protein

All hogs raised on the experimental farm of the United States Department of Agriculture at Beltsville, Md., have been given fish meal or tankage as their protein supplement since the department demonstrated by a series of experiments that fish meal is as valuable as tankage as a hog feed. Other studies have shown that shrimp bran, a by-product of the shrimp factories, is a very valuable protein feed for hogs. Shrimp bran was practically valueless before the department made this study. Now it is worth almost as much per ton as tankage as a hog feed.

Make Sure of Exercise.

Locating the feeding place some distance from the farrowing house to force the young pigs to walk the distance for their feed and water is a good way to make sure they get exercise.

Vigorous Litter of Pigs.

If a brood sow gets one pound of skim milk for each pound of corn she consumes, she will never go down in the back; and if she is otherwise well cared for, she will raise a strong, healthy, vigorous litter of pigs.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR JUNE 17

ESTHER, THE PATRIOT QUEEN

LESSON TEXT—Esther 4:13-16
GOLDEN TEXT—"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"—Esther 4:14.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Esther, the Brave Queen.
JUNIOR TOPIC—What Esther Did for Her People.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Esther's Heroism.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—A Study of Patriotism.

I. Esther Made Queen (Chapters 1, 2).

This drama took place in the Persian court, where Ahasuerus (Xerxes) sat upon his throne, surrounded by his princes and servants. Six months of festivity were drawing to a close, arranged by the king in order to impress upon the people of his mighty empire the fact of his greatness. The last days of this feast were marked with drunken debauchery. In a drunken frenzy the king commanded Vashti to come before the people to display her beauty. Vashti showed her independence by refusing to obey. She was instantly deposed. In providing a queen to take her place, the most beautiful maidens in the empire were brought together from whom the king might make a selection. The choice fell upon Esther, a maid of the Jewish captivity. The king did not know that she was a Jewess, but God knew, and He put her there for a purpose.

II. Haman's Plot Against the Jews (Chapter 3).

1. The Occasion of (vv. 1-6). For some reason Haman was given chief place over the princes. Though all bowed before him, Mordecai, Esther's cousin, stoutly refused to do so.

2. Its Nature (vv. 7-15). Haman desired to lay hands upon Mordecai for his insubordination, but hesitated. Instead of such drastic action he laid a plot to destroy all the Jews, and thereby take vengeance on Mordecai, who he learned was a Jew. He made the king believe that the Jews were an unprofitable people and induced him to order their annihilation, promising to bring into the royal treasury an enormous sum of money.

III. Haman's Plot Foiled (4:1-14).

1. Fasting Among the Jews (4:1-3). When Mordecai and his people perceived all that was done they put on sackcloth and ashes and cried to God. 2. Mordecai's Charge to Esther (4:4-14). He sent to Esther a copy of the decree and charged her to go before the king and make supplication for her people. Esther pointed out the difficulties in the way. Possible death awaited her should her uninvited presence not meet the approval of the king.

3. Esther's Daring Adventure (4:16-5:2). Mordecai pointed out to her that her own life was endangered. She might meet death by venturing into the king's presence. She would surely meet death were Haman's plot not foiled. When thus brought face to face with duty, the heroism which so frequently has characterized her race moved her to undertake the hazardous task and prayerfully carry it out. After three days of fasting and prayer she put on her royal apparel and stood in the king's court, winning his approval.

4. Esther Pleading for Her People (5:3-7:6). Esther knew that an easy way to the heart of the king was through his stomach, so she invited him and Haman to a banquet. She proposed a second banquet, at which she planned to make her request known. During the interval some strange things took place. A gallows was built upon which to hang Mordecai, at the heartless suggestion of Haman's wife. And the king, during a sleepless night, was moved to search the court records, where he found that Mordecai had not been rewarded for saving his life. So, in order to express his appreciation for this act of heroism on the part of Mordecai, he gave orders obliging Haman to do honor to the one he was preparing to hang. At the second banquet Esther pointed out Haman's wicked plot to kill the Jews and asked of the king that her people be saved. In his wrath the king ordered Haman hanged on the gallows which had been prepared for Mordecai.

5. The Council Decree Issued (8:1-14). The council decree could not be revoked. So a council decree was issued which enabled the Jews to defend themselves. This was dispatched to the furthest parts of the kingdom. At its appointment there was great slaughter and the Jews were saved. God granted relief and the Feast of Purim was instituted as a memorial of their deliverance.

God's Plow.

The frost is God's plow, which He drives through every inch of ground in the world, turning each clod, and pulverizing the whole—Fuller.

Brink of a Precipice.

Every big great or small is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but Omnipotence can bottom—C. Peake.

Curses Like Chickens.

Curses are like young chickens, and still come home to roost—Bulwer.

Legal Advertising

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF John S. Baker, late of West Providence Township, Bedford County, Pa., Deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

Francis Baker,
Jacob L. Baker,
Everett, Pa.
Executors.

Simon H. Sell,
Attorney.
Map 11 June, 15

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF Mrs. Minnie Somerlott, late of Southampton Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted the undersigned executor named in the last will and testament of Mrs. Minnie Somerlott late of Southampton Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.

Albert Somerlott,
Cumberland, Rt. 3
George L. Somerlott,
Flintstone, Rt.

B. F. Madore,
Attorney.
May 11 June 15.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF D. W. Miller, late of Cumberland Valley Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted the undersigned executor named in the last will and testament of D. W. Miller, late of Cumberland Valley Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.

E. B. Willison,
Executor
Cumberland, Md., Rt. 3

B. F. Madore,
Attorney.
May 18 June 22.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF Mary Jane Williams, late of Bedford Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted the undersigned executor named in the last will and testament of Mary Jane Williams late of Bedford Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.

Ida Belle Williams,
Bedford, Penna., Rt. 2 Box 12
Executrix

Eben H. Pennell,
Attorney.
June 1 July 6.

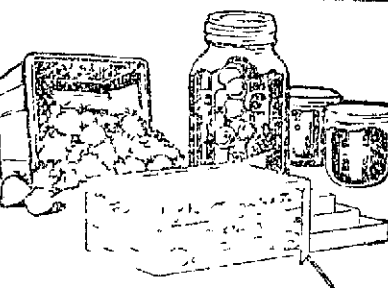
ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF Harry C. Baylor, late of Borough of Bedford, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

E. M. Pennell,
Administrator
Bedford, Pa.

June 8—July 13.



Strawberry jam, currant jelly, preserved cherries—home-made, but they're all good when used in your preserves or jars. All pure, clean. Parovox just know they're going to keep. Use Parovox for everything you put up this summer. Pour, mix, top, over jams and jellies; dip jars into it.

Get your season's supply now—while the getting is good. At your grocer's—in dust-proof cartons.

Removes Oil.
Chloroform will remove machine oil from any garment except a silk one.

POULTRY

CLEAN EGGS WORTH TROUBLE

Keeping Hen's Feet Free From Mud and Dirt Is Not an Easy Proposition for Farmer.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Poultrymen need not be at the nest to wipe Mrs. Biddy's feet before she enters to make her daily contribution to their profits, but if the hen house is so arranged that her feet will be clean and will not dirty the egg, it will mean added profit for the owner.

Dirty eggs are a second-rate product on any market, so are washed eggs. This means that the egg must be produced clean, which further means clean nests and clean feet.

Clean nests are easy—comparatively. A change of nesting material, whenever it gets dirty, will do away with the danger of soiling from this source, and special care must be taken to see that the birds do not roost on the edge of the nests at night.

Keeping the bird's feet clean is a much more difficult proposition. First of all it is most essential to have a clean doormat in the shape of fresh litter and plenty of it on the floor at all times; secondly, do not let the birds out on muddy days when their feet are bound to get daubed up.

Most important of all, keep the dropping board clean. Daily scrapings are preferable, but if a poultryman feels that he has not the time for this, they should be cleaned at least twice a week. A cage of one-inch or one-and-one-half-inch poultry wire tacked under the perches and over the dropping boards will prevent the birds from walking on the boards, and incidentally will catch any eggs that are dropped in the night.

Even with this extra care, the poultryman must expect some dirty eggs, and a word of advice on how to clean them might be timely. The so-called plain dirties, those soiled by dirty feet and dirty nests, are easily cleaned with a soft damp cloth, which should be used only on the dirty spots. Be careful not to rub them dry, but to allow them to dry by standing in the air. It is very important that the gelatinous coating which seals the egg should not be soaked off, as this covering is germ-proof and serves as a natural means of keeping the egg fresh.

PURE BRED POULTRY IS BEST

There Is Greater Egg Production and Flock More Uniform—More Profit for Raiser.

From a government inquiry the following is reported: "Purebreds excel by 40 per cent. High utility value of purebred live stock. Purebred live stock has about 40 per cent greater earning power (apart from its breeding or sale value) than scrub stock. The superiority of purebreds on a utility basis is due principally to: Better conformation and quality, increased production, more economical production, and earlier maturity. For poultry the superior earning power is 40.7 per cent.

Does purebred poultry pay? The above information helps to answer the question, says N. R. Mehrhof, Extension poultry specialist.

The following are some reasons why we should raise purebred poultry: (a) There is greater egg production, (b) The flock, being more uniform, looks better and gets better care, (c) Standard birds produce standard products and standard products demand better prices for breeding birds, hatching eggs, and baby chicks for sale. All of these mean more profit for the chicken raiser.

Visit the shows and find out which breed you would prefer to raise. Select your breed and variety. Breed for increased egg production, keeping in mind health, vigor and qualification for that particular breed and variety.

POULTRY POINTS

There are poor laying hens in all breeds.

A hen with a yellow beak and shank at any time from June to September is a poor layer.

Heavy capons sell from four to seven cents per pound over the price of spring roosters.


A busy hen is generally a healthy hen, and a healthy hen is almost sure to be a laying hen. Keep your hens scratching.

When consumers buy capons they generally want birds which will weigh from seven pounds up. Leghorn capons do not reach this weight and they consume as much feed as the larger birds.

Skim milk or buttermilk, either sweet or sour, is excellent for replacing part or all of the meat scrap in a poultry ration.

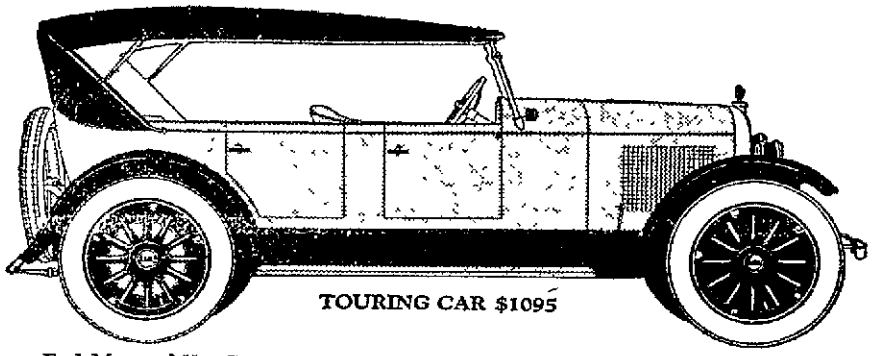
It's usually safe enough to begin saving eggs for the incubator at the beginning of the second week after the birds are mated.

Lice, mites and bedbugs are responsible for many ills in chickenhood. Only by warring constant warfare against all parasites can you prevent them from getting in their linings.



Will Your Car Do This?

THERE are a few other cars besides the EARL that will negotiate all the mountain grades between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia in high gear. However, we know of none that will at the same time approach EARL economy or that can show a durability record that will compare with EARL.




TOURING CAR \$1095

Earl Motors Mfg. Co.
Jackson, Mich., Makers

Fletcher & Morris Auto Co.

Sole Distributors
Clearville, Penna.



Fill glass full. Put on the Duplex Seal. With a quarter turn it locks air-tight, water-tight, germ-proof and mouse proof.

At last - a Jelly Glass with a Real Seal

LAST season, for the first time, thousands of women found a jelly glass with a satisfactory top.

The Atlas Glass with the Duplex Seal—a real seal—doing away with makeshift paper and string, rubber rings and troublesome tin tops.

On and off with a quarter turn of the wrist. The jelly keeps perfectly. Open and re-seal as often as you like—what remains in glass stays good.

So fine a help at preserving time is naturally in big demand. Order early from your dealer.

Look for The Duplex Seal

HAZEL ATLAS GLASS COMPANY
(Factory and Main Office—Wheeling, W. Va.)

WILLIAM J. HAMILTON
Traveling Agent



White Caps

For headache
Buy a box today

25¢

breakers of pain

A throbbing nervous headache? MENTHOLATUM quickly soothes it.

After Every Meal WRIGLEYS

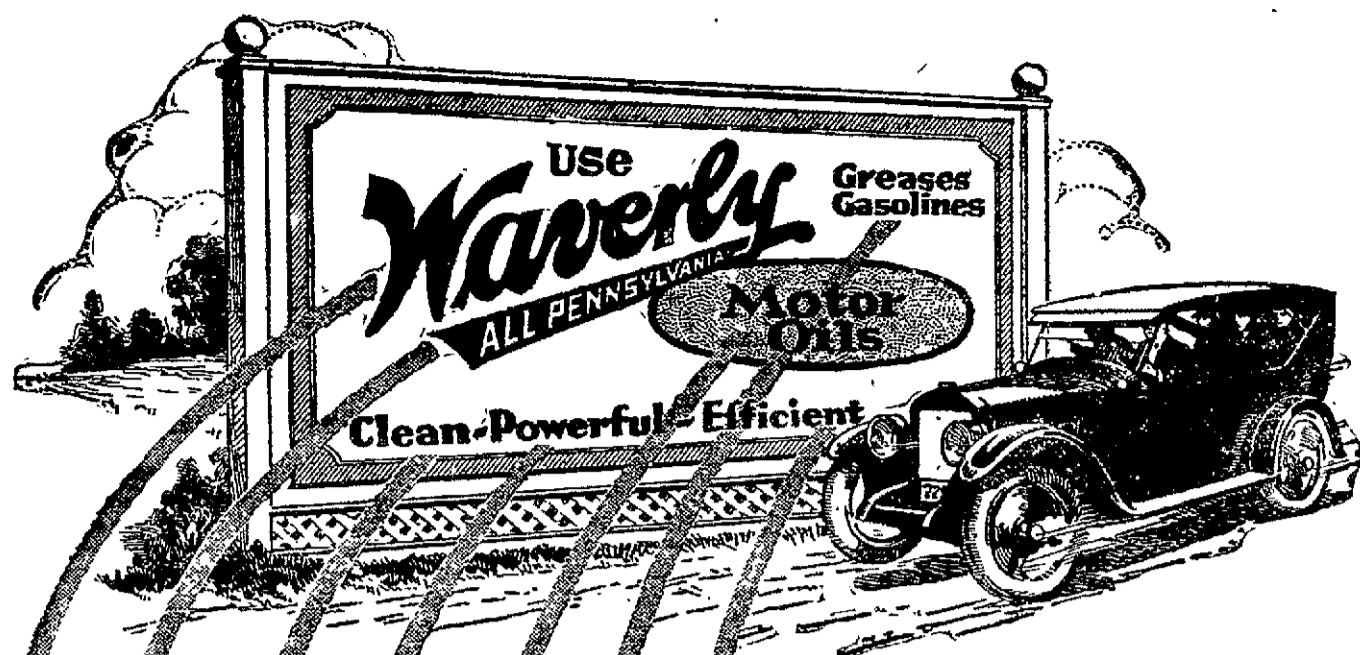
Top off each meal with a bit of sweet in the form of WRIGLEYS.

It satisfies the sweet tooth and aids digestion.

Pleasure and benefit combined.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Thoughtlessness Rebuked.
My sister came to make us a visit and Peter, a neighbor's small boy, was an interested spectator when her trunk was being unpacked. Timidly he asked her if she had brought any candy with her and upon receiving a negative answer, inquired if she had any gum. This also produced a negative result. He said: "Didn't you find any going to be any little boys in the neighborhood?"—Chicago Tribune.



When You See This Sign

"Waverly" represents 43 years experience in the refining of quality petroleum products. Highest standards of manufacture are maintained.

Waverly Motor Oils are refined from Pennsylvania paraffine base crudes exclusively. All refiners would use Pennsylvania crude if there was enough of it to go around.

Waverly Motor Products insure clean operation. Motor Oils are filtered, not acid treated. Greases are all lubricant—no fillers. Gasolines contain no dirty, heavy ends.

Waverly Gasoline is power to the last drop; no "clunkers" or unexplosible residue at low temperatures. Consequently more power, minimum dilution of motor oil, freedom from carbon, easy starting and less cost per mile.

Waverly Motor Oils seal piston rings perfectly, distribute persistently on frictioning parts and thus conserve power. Because they are "Waverly" and "All Pennsylvania" they lubricate and do not "break" at high temperatures.

Waverly Greases give maximum, long-time lubrication and mean less wear, less repair and longer auto life.

Satisfactory, low-cost car operation, Winter and Summer, results from the regular use of Waverly Products.



Waverly

ALL PENNSYLVANIA

By invitation
member of the



Price Leaders of the
World Association

Waverly Oil Works Co.

Pittsburgh, Pa. U.S.A.

ESTABLISHED 43 YEARS

The Perfect Crime

By CHAS. E. BAXTER

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

RAWLINS had arranged to meet Simpson down by the river at the edge of the manufacturing town, and there to hand him \$2,000 in bills.

Simpson had been a confederate of Rawlins in the bank robbery, 12 years before. Simpson had been sent up for ten years; Rawlins had made his getaway, and later appeared as a prosperous business man in another state, married, with two fine children and a \$12,000 home. Also he had a reputation for integrity in the community.

Then Simpson had turned up, and the \$2,000 was only the beginning of what he was going to do to Rawlins. Both men knew that. Henceforth Rawlins was going to support Simpson, work for him, be his milch cow, as the price of his home, his freedom, his wife, his children.

What Simpson failed to reckon on was Rawlins's nerve.

Rawlins doped the matter out. Down by the river, where the mills kept the air alive with sound until late in the night, a pistol shot would hardly attract notice. If Rawlins shot Simpson and flung his body into the race, Simpson would be swirling 50 miles down the valley by morning, toward the sea. Nobody knew Simpson, no clue to the murder would exist, certainly none that could be laid to Rawlins.

Rawlins went over and over the problem in his mind, and it seemed to him that he could not fail. He went to meet Simpson with his automatic ready, and a light heart, having told his wife that he had to see a man on business.

He had worked out this part too; the murder would take five minutes at the most, and by running he could keep his appointment almost punctually. Oh, yes, the alibi was going to be perfect!

A slouching figure loomed up before him. It was Simpson.

"Well, you brought 'em?"

"Sure I've brought them, Simpson.

But see here, before I hand this money over to you I must have your assurance that this will be the last."

"Sure, it'll be the last. I only want enough to set me up in a small way," grunted Simpson.

He stretched out his hand. Rawlins drew his automatic in the dark. "On second thought, Simpson," he said, "I guess I'll hand you this instead."

He shot Simpson through the heart. Simpson gurgled and toppled forward.

Stepping carefully so as not to get blood on his clothes, Rawlins lifted the body and hurled it down into the race below.

He went home, overjoyed, and slept like a top. However, he was awake quite early. Although he had no conscience at all with regard to what he had done, he discovered with surprise all the impulse of the murderer to return to the scene of his crime.

He went off toward his mill. His early departure was not an uncommon thing; he wasn't betraying himself by it. When he reached the place of the murder he uttered a cry of dismay.

Simpson's body had been washed upon a ledge of rocks opposite, in plain view of hundreds of workers passing the other side of the stream, and Simpson was grinning.

Had anybody seen? Rawlins waited desperately until the whistle announced that the factory had engulfed its population. Then he crossed the bridge, clambered down the rocks, and tossed Simpson's body into the water again.

All the while he could see into a score of factory windows.

The body went whirling down the gorge. Rawlins climbed up the rocks again and went into his office.

He felt that he had hardly one chance in fifty. In full observation of the mills he had deliberately disengaged the body from the ledge and flung it into the stream. He thought of flight. At last, however, he decided to stay and brazen it out. A fugitive was always trapped sooner or later. If he stayed, he might still escape the rope. Nothing could be proved on him.

A week of horror followed.

Then he read that a body of an unknown man had been found washed ashore 20 miles below Puddletown. There were no marks of identification

upon the clothing, and the features were unrecognizable, but the man had a bullet wound through the heart, and was evidently a suicide.

Rawlins drew a deep breath. He had won. Not one of the millhands had seen the body upon the rocks, nor his despairing act in giving it to the current. Rawlins had constructed the perfect crime.

Not Her Pup.

An itinerant dog artist saw a poodle with a beautiful long coat sitting at the feet of a fashionably dressed woman. He suggested that the dog would look better if clipped in the traditional poodle manner. She agreed with him, so he took out his clippers, and after half an hour's time had transformed the dog.

He then asked for payment. The woman refused and he expostulated. "The woman shrugged her shoulders. "Why should I pay?" she asked. "It isn't my dog."

Totally Disabled.

Doctor: "Give me a 'doe, sir. I'm a doctor, and I'm a doctor."

Doctor: "Give me a 'doe, sir. I'm a doctor, and I'm a doctor."

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YAGER'S LINIMENT

RELIEVES PAIN

TRY IT FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, SPRAINS, CUTS AND BRUISES, FOR MAN OR BEAST

LARGE BOTTLE 35¢ AT DEALERS

MFG. BY GILBERT BROS. & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

WHEN EVERY MOVE HURTS

Lame every morning, achy and stiff all day, worse when it's damp or chilly? Suspect your neighbors and try the remedy your neighbors use. Ask your neighbor?

Mrs. Carrie Russell, 266 W. 7th St., Bedford, says: "A cold several years ago, started a kidney trouble and I surely had a time with my back, for there was a constant bearing-down pain across it. When stooped, I was taken with a sharp stabbing pain across my kidneys and I thought my back would break in two when I straightened again. I had dizzy spells and specks appeared before me. When I got up mornings I was hardly able to stand. I was so stiff and lame. My kidneys gave me great trouble, for they acted irregularly. We have had Doan's Kidney Pills in the house for years so I gave them a trial and in a very short while, I was cured entirely. I have been feeling fine ever since."

Price 60¢, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Russell had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

UNCLE HANK



You really can't appreciate the beauties of the Grand Canyon until after you've seen some fellers yawn.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE ITEMS

York.—Disdaining all except a local anesthetic, Sergeant Ross underwent an operation at the York Hospital for the removal of his appendix.

Pottstown.—As Maurice Bryan, aged 42, arose from a dentist's chair after having a molar extracted he called out "My leg is broken," and collapsed on the floor. Both bones of the right leg snapped between the ankle and the knee. A doctor at the Homeopathic Hospital thinks the bones were broken by muscular contraction.

Somerset.—Edward Bisbing, a blind salesman, received letters patent from Washington on a combination locknut and bolt. His device is as simple as the familiar cotterpin, but is more effective and permits a much finer adjustment of the nut than possible with the old cotter-key. Bisbing, thirty years' ago, was a stone mason by trade and assisted with quarrying when sufficient quantities of stone were not delivered. A premature explosion tore out his right eye and in 1916 he lost the sight of the other eye. He has developed a marvelous sense of touch and with very little assistance made a wooden model of his combination lock-nut and bolt.

Pittsburgh.—Alexander Howat, deposed leader of the Kansas United Mine Workers, who has been in Pittsburgh for several months, was arrested on a serious charge preferred by Mrs. Inga Sorensen, of Chicago, in behalf of her 6-year-old son. Judge DeWolf, after listening to her statement and hearing Howat say he was innocent and at the proper time would prove it, told Howat he must answer in court. Bail was fixed at \$1000, and Howat was sent to a police station to confer with his attorney and arrange for bail.

Pottsville.—The largest single day's work in the history of the county recorder's department was marked up when the transfers of 110 properties were filed. The sales, the majority of which were homes, totaled \$500,000. This rush of home buying is due to the prosperity of the anthracite region and the ability of workers to own their homes.

Wilkes-Barre.—Failing in their first attempt to blow a big safe in the H. A. Whiteman wholesale stationery establishment, yegs returned a couple of hours later and succeeded in their efforts, but used such an overcharge of nitroglycerine that they were frightened away by the terrific explosion. The charge was set off by a battery concealed behind a fence some distance away. The huge door of the safe was blown through the second floor of the building, windows were broken and books and stationery scattered about the large storeroom. Police were on the scene within a few minutes, but it is believed the burglars made no attempt to enter the building after the safe was blown.

Harrisburg.—Governor Pinchot vetoed the bill of Senator Jones, of Lycoming, which would have granted sole jurisdiction over the construction and maintenance of county roads where only county funds are expended to county commissioners without first obtaining approval of the highway department. "The system under the present act does not deprive the counties of exercising a discretion in these matters," the governor said, "but provides a dual check whereby both state and county must be satisfied before work is accepted and money is paid."

Bloomburg.—Dr. Charles H. Fisher, principal of the Bloomburg state normal school, announced he had accepted an offer to become president of the state normal school at Bellingham, Wash.

Harrisburg.—New types of targets and ammunition will be provided for the 213th artillery, the Pennsylvania national guard anti-aircraft regiment, when it begins its tour of field duty at Fortress Monroe, July 14, Adjutant General Beary announced. The regiment, composed of eastern Pennsylvania units, will leave Philadelphia on an army transport. It will have three-inch machine guns and will try out new types of ammunition. General Beary has received word that the sixth and sixteenth regiments of regular field artillery will be at Mt. Gretna during the encampment of the 107th and 108th field artillery, from July 21 to August 4.

Lafayette.—Miss Bertha Domes, of New York, was killed and two other women tourists were injured seriously in an automobile accident on the Ligonier Mountain road. Miss Domes's sister, Mrs. Thelma Landisman, and Miss Estella Weisberg suffered fractured skulls. They are in a hospital here. Accompanied by two men, including Mrs. Landisman's husband, the party was en route to California. On a sharp curve their machine collided with a truck and overturned. The men escaped unhurt.

Lafayette.—William H. Schall, aged 73 years, of Lafayette, died as the result of a sun stroke.

Mercer.—Mrs. Mary Gordon, aged 67 years, member of one of the best-known families here, was burned to death when her dress caught fire from a bonfire.

Wrightsville.—The sixtieth anniversary of the invasion of the Confederates here, will be celebrated June 23.

Pittsburgh.—Several hundred orphan children, inmates of asylums and homes were the guests of the Automobile Club of Pittsburgh at their annual outing.

LANCASTER.—The board of education increased the school tax rate from 19 to 14 mills.

Hazleton.—Mrs. Calvin Pardee donated \$5000 to the \$100,000 building fund of the Hazleton Y. W. C. A.

Harrisburg.—Nineteen persons were killed and forty-six injured in the seventy-five grade crossing accidents reported to the bureau of accidents for the month of April, the public service commission announced. In these accidents sixty-five automobiles were involved. Compared with last year, there were increases of forty-four in the number of accidents, fourteen in the number of killed and ten in the number injured.

York.—That Charles Reilly, late superintendent of the Sandusky Cement company, did not think much of the mother-in-law joke is shown by his will, probated here, in which \$2000 is left to the mother of his first wife, Mrs. Effie Herriman, Peoria, Ill., and a like amount to the mother of his second wife, Mrs. Mary Eckinger, Canton, Ohio.

Girardville.—Struck by an automobile near his home here, Walter Markun, 8 years old, died an hour later.

Greensburg.—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Appel, of Grapeville, were advised that their son, Elmer, aged 19, a member of the army, was shot and killed by a railroad officer at Marshall, Tex., when he resisted arrest on a charge of trespassing. The officer was released on bond pending an inquest.

Pittsburgh.—Joseph Singer was instantly killed and Isaac Goldberg, his father-in-law, was seriously injured when a Pennsylvania passenger train from Pittsburgh to Washington, Pa., on the Pan Handle division, struck their automobile truck at the grade crossing at Bridgeville. A third man in the car escaped injury. Goldberg was brought to Pittsburgh on another train and taken to a hospital, where he recovered consciousness only long enough to give his name.

Marietta.—The barn on the farm of Allen B. Weidner, at Rothsville, with all the contents, was destroyed by fire, with a loss of \$20,000. Eight steers and five mules perished. A barn on the same site was destroyed two years ago. The barn on the farm of Mrs. John Graybill, Brownstown, valued at \$6000, was also burned with contents.

Sharon.—Ben. J. Jarret, of Farrell, sent Governor Pinchot his resignation as member of the Pennsylvania workmen's compensation board, effective July 1. In tendering his resignation, Jarret told the governor he did not support him in the primaries, but he worked for him during the campaign, preceding the election. He took the matter of reappointment up with the governor some time ago, and in reply the governor indicated that a change was to be made. The position pays \$8500 a year. Jarret's friends, when they learned of his action, opened a campaign for his nomination for district attorney at the September primaries.

Pittsburgh.—Mrs. Mary Flork, of Lycoming, patient in a hospital here, committed suicide by hanging with a silk stocking.

Sunbury.—William C. Hemminger and Horace Tweed of this place, who served fifty years in the Pennsylvania railroad shops, went on the retired list.

Billmeyer.—State police raided the home of Joseph Drechner here and held him on charges of violating the dry laws and possession of firearms.

Pittsburgh.—A freight car, supposed to contain potatoes, was found to be loaded with whisky when federal prohibition agents opened it. The liquor, valued at \$10,000, was consigned to a Penn avenue produce house. It was confiscated, but not until after several barrels had been removed in a truck by unidentified men. The whisky was hidden in barrels with a top covering of potatoes.

Scranton.—Miss Frances Mahern, of Kane, was unanimously re-elected state regent of the Pennsylvania State "four, Catholic Daughters of America, at the session of the sixth annual convention. This is the fourth consecutive term for Miss Mahern to win the highest honor of the organization. Other state officers elected were: Mrs. Mable Schnell, Meadville, secretary; Mrs. Kate Donnelly, Latrobe, treasurer; Mrs. John Carroll, Sayre, advocate; Miss Anna Maschke, Tyrone, monitor.

Altoona.—After more than 50 years of service with the Altoona Tribune, A. D. Houck, vice president and general manager, severed his relations with the paper.

Lancaster.—Professor David J. Keener, of this city, has been elected principal of the Ephrata high school, succeeding Professor H. E. Gehman, for twenty-six years supervisor of schools.

Hazleton.—Almost helpless from rheumatism, Carman Depietro, aged 81, committed suicide.

Altoona.—A branch of the Indiana normal school's summer school will be opened here June 18.

Sunbury.—Mayor Drumheller issued an edict prohibiting policemen from acting as delinquent tax collectors.

New Holland.—The New Holland store of the Shaver Silk company was robbed of \$1500 worth of silk from the looms.

Shade Gap.—Dennis Moore was killed when a car of ties jumped the track and turned over.

Hazleton.—Council anticipated a demand by organized labor by raising the wages of street men ten cents an hour.

Hazleton.—Members of the Young Women's Christian Association held a big parade, opening a drive to raise \$100,000 for a new building.

Northumberland.—The Pennsylvania railroad is planning to spend \$1,850,000 on two four-track bridges across the Susquehanna between here and Sunbury.

BEDFORD GAZETTE

VICTOR E. P. BARKMAN
Editor and Publisher

Regular subscription price per year \$2.00 payable in advance. All communications should be addressed to

Gazette Publishing Co.,
Bedford, Pa.
The Gazette is the leading newspaper of Bedford County and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium it is one of the best in this part of the state.

Card of Thanks 50c, Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00, Obituary Poetry 5c per line, Memorial Poetry 5c per line.

Friday, June 15, 1923.

SCHELSBURG

Miss Kathryn Sammel, of Bedford was the guest of Miss Ruth Colvin several days recently.

Mrs. Lyle Egolf is visiting relatives in Johnstown.

Mr. and Mrs. George Metger, of New Kensington, spent Saturday night and Sunday with his mother. They left on Monday accompanied by Rev. Aulenbach, for Lancaster to attend commencement exercises at the college there.

H. L. Hull and Mrs. Miller, of Spring Hope, were Sunday visitors of C. B. Culps.

Mr. Robert Davis, of Windber, spent a day or so here with his wife. T. H. Rock is working at Nanty Glo at present.

Mr. James Robb and family, of New-Buena Vista, spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Snively.

Miss Margaret Snively, a student of Juniata College, spent a couple days with her parents.

Prof. George L. Wolfe and Victor Colvin have been elected as teachers of the two rooms of our school for the coming term. The primary room will be let at the next meeting June 15th.

We have had several days of rain which was badly needed.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Egolf, Mr. and Mrs. George Acker, Miss Mary Acker and Howard Acker spent Sunday with relatives at King.

Mrs. Becker and two children, of Youngstown, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Margaret Shaeffer.

Glenn Diehl, of New Buena Vista, is visiting at the home of Earl Snively.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Helman and Archibald Slack, of Johnstown, spent Sunday with friends at this place.

Mrs. Coy, of Johnstown was a recent visitor at the home of her sister, Mrs. Black.

ALUM BANK

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burket and Mrs. Thomas Barefoot were in Windber shopping Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Imbler and daughter Ruth and Mrs. Henry Machtle and Sophia Machtle spent Sunday at Thomas Nunamakers at Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Miller attended the funeral of George Miller of Altoona last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Weyant, of Mount Union, visited friends here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Allison spent Saturday and Sunday at Scalp Level with Mrs. Allison's sister and family, Mrs. Daniel Barefoot.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jokes and Mr. Joseph Taylor and son Emory accompanied Miss May Jokes to Cessna on Sunday where she is employed.

Mrs. Frank Rouser is in a critical condition.

The funeral of Mrs. Rousers' sister, Mrs. Henry Claybaugh, of Jenners last Saturday was largely attended.

Mr. Rufus Hammer, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grosser were at Washington, D. C. last week attending the Shriners convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Zwick, of Canton, Ohio, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Frona Morris.

POINT

Mr. H. J. Hillegass had his left hand badly sawed while sawing wood. He will probably lose two fingers of his left hand, while Tim Horne of the same family is carrying his arm in a sling from having a broken wheel cranking his car.

Robert C. Smith, of Point and Charles Miller of Cessna started for Greensburg on Monday to attend the Department of Enchancement of Pennsylvania which is being held there this week. Mr. Miller is a delegate from Post 332, of Bedford. Conrad Smith expects to visit friends in Pittsburgh, Butler and Johnstown before returning home.

The following persons were pleasant callers on Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hissong on Sunday afternoon: Mr. and Mrs. P. Allen and two daughters, Louise and Bernice; Miss Eleanor Corle and Mrs. Ida Fisher of Bedford and Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Poorman and Mrs. Anna Nicodinus and son Clifford of Schillburg.

Irvin Earnest is nursing a very sore finger that was cut a few days ago.

Mr. David Slagomont and family, of Martinsburg, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Shaffer.

Rev. David Kneely and family, of Martinsburg were pleasant guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shaffer on Sunday.

Difference in Bread Making

Little Oscar called on a neighbor boy one morning and was invited in to wait for his friend who was not quite ready. The neighbor was kneading bread and asked, "Does you mother make bread?" "Yes," replied Oscar, "only she don't play with it like you do."

A VICTORY FOR
AMERICAN MOTORISTS

The Crude Rubber Monopoly weakened when it came into contact with aroused public sentiment. The press of the country today reflects the determination of the American motorist that tire prices shall stay at a reasonable level—and that America must produce its own rubber.

Firestone
CUTS TIRE PRICES

10%

EFFECTIVE JUNE 11

We announce a 10% reduction in tires and tubes effective June 11th. The lowered cost of crude rubber and the special Firestone manufacturing and distribution advantages make this possible.

Firestone factories are organized on a basis of large volume and effective production. Costs are down but quality is at its peak. Stockholder workmen are daily building many thousands of Gum-Dipped Cords—the best tire Firestone ever produced and, we believe, the leader on the market today.

Firestone Cords took the first four places and eight of the ten money positions in the Indianapolis Sweepstakes, May 30th, without a single tire failure.

Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords have set new standards in mileage, traction, comfort and safety. Our owners have expressed their approval of the extra value in Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords by increasing their purchases 154% in the past six months.

We have replaced many expensive branches with warehouses. We now have 106 distributing points which are delivering Firestone tires to the consumer at the lowest cost in our history.

Follow the tide of economical tire buying—equip with Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords—and learn what Most Miles per Dollar means to you today.

Get a set of these Gum-Dipped Cords from one of the following dealers:

KING MOTOR CO., Bedford, Pa.

H. I. HOUSEL, Bedford, Pa.

Most Miles per Dollar

Sunday School Convention
(Continued from page one)

brought a splendid message showing the progress of his race, and it was a masterly address delivered in a pleasing manner.

The writer of this article is unable to report as he should on that splendid discourse on 'The Bible by Hon. Thos. F. Bailey, Friday night. This talk coming from a layman was a pleasant surprise and shows what a close student of the 'Book' Judge Bailey has been. The audience was not only very attentive but much interested in this splendid study given us by Mr. Bailey.

S. H. Koontz, while not directing the music this year, yet unselfishly placed one of his fine pianos in the church for convention use, and Miss Emma Shuck delighted the delegates with the flowers and floral decorations which she supplied.

Most of last year officers and superintendents were re-elected for the coming year. Rev. Ira C. Holtsopple, well deserving the honor bestowed because of his faithful services during the past year.

The budget called for \$1,350,000 while the amount pledged was nearly \$1,100,000 and it is thought that that many of the schools that made no pledge will send their pledges to the treasury, so that the association may carry out its full plans for 1923.

Special mention should be made of the large number of Bedford folks that agreed to entertain delegates and did not have that privilege mostly because in this day of autos it is possible to return home for the night, yet some fifty delegates were entertained in our homes.

All in all both the Institute and the Convention marked another milestone of progress in organized County Sabbath School work—Next year the Convention will be guests of Hyndman.

ROUND KNOB

The Children's services held at Round Knob on Sunday evening were very interesting. A very interesting program was rendered.

About 500 and is making quite an improvement by painting his house.

Sund. school at Round Knob was very largely attended last Sunday. Levi Chimey of Greensburg, Jefferson county, is visiting relatives in our county.

Wade H. Figard was in Bedford Saturday transacting legal business.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Figard and son Donald and two daughters Ruth and Jeanette visited at the home of George Mott of Coal Dale Sunday.

George Mott and wife who have been attending the Odd Fellows convention is delegates returned home. Lola and Yula Thomas visited at the home of Wade H. Figard Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Figard and son John and Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus S. Figard autoed to Hipple's Cave Sunday.

HARRISBURG LETTER

(Continued from page one)

Philadelphia, Scranton and Pittsburgh, to pay returns of the State tax on dogs to the State for use of the Department of Agriculture, the same as other municipalities of the State do.

Following the report of the State department that more than 300,000 acres of arm land will be idle this summer, Representative Runn, of Lehigh county, offered a resolution that a Legislative commission be appointed to investigate the reasons, and the cause of the inequality between the prices farmers receive and the market prices of farm products. The commission is asked to consider ways and means of alleviating the situation and make recommendations for legislation which may alter the situation.

After some difference of opinion between the two houses on the Japanese beetle bill, the two houses selected committees which agreed that \$50,000 should be appropriated to the Department of Agriculture to curb the activities of the beetle.

The Legislature has also passed finally the bill appropriating \$6000 to the Pennsylvania State College to conduct experiments in tobacco raising, preparation and curing and publish bulletins containing reports of the findings of the experiments.



FOR SALE BY
SWARTZWEILER GARAGE
Bedford, Pa.

Test of a Good Husband

Our position is simply this. That no man is a good husband who doesn't notice when he comes home that the sitting-room curtains have been moved.

HYNDMAN

Shannon Devore and daughter Emma, of Alexander, are visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Myer and two children of Altoona visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Myers last week.

Mr. O. F. Emmerling who is employed in Johnstown is visiting his family this week.

Mr. C. C. Cook consulting engineer of the B. & O. R. R. Baltimore, visited his father, Mr. Fred Cook, last week who is seriously ill.

Mr. J. M. Cook, Mr. C. C. Barley, Mr. A. G. Grabbe, Mr. George Malsberry and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Madore and son, John attended the Shriners convention held at Washington, D. C. last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Noel and daughter, Dorothy, returned home Thursday from a two weeks visit with their daughter, Mrs. S. W. Guthrie, of Lakeland, Fla. They were accompanied home by their daughter, Ethel who graduated in the Lakeland High School this year. They also attended the Shriners convention on the way home.

Miss Ethel Hinton, of Bedford, spent several days last week with her friend Miss Ruth Pierson.

Mr. R. S. Pierson, of Wilkesburg is visiting his brother, M. H. Pierson last week.

Mrs. H. I. Metzger of Altoona, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Noel.

Miss Estelle Garner was a Pittsburgh visitor last week.

Mrs. Emma Hillegass, Miss Virgie Shaffer and Mr. Bruce Shaffer motored to Pittsburgh last week for an extended visit with friends.

Rev. L. M. Bennett was a Baltimore visitor last week.

Mrs. H. B. Attitaher returned home last week from Uniontown, where she had gone for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Evans and daughter Meredith and Mrs. Z. Evans motored to Clarksburg, W. Va., last Saturday and returned home Tuesday. Mrs. Evans and Miss Meredith remained at Clarksburg for an extended visit.

Dr. and Mrs. Bliss and Mrs. H. O. Jones and son of Altoona visited friends here Sunday.

Dr. Chis. R. Rhodes is attending the Pennsylvania State Pharmaceutical Association which is held at Bedford Springs this week.

Changed Cars.

A little girl was recently pleased over the opportunity to accompany her mother on a visit to the city where they spent a few days and upon her return to her home she said, "Oh, dad, we had such a nice time, we went in the sleeper and we came home in the sifter."

Evidently He Was Annoyed

A girl who was "tired" of London was making out her first report under the heading "Accidents." She stated "Bumped into an old gent" under the heading "Remarks" she said: "Simply awful."

The Richelieu Theatre
BEDFORD, PA.
Our motto
CLEAN PICTURES
SHOWING ONLY
THE BIG SUPER SPECIAL
PRODUCTIONS.
MUSIC ON \$10000
ORCHESTRAL
PIPE ORGAN
FINEST EQUIPMENT
MONEY CAN BUY

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAM

MON. TUES. JUNE 18-19 Paramount will present "THE WHITE FLOWER" with Betty Compson and all star cast. The greater part of which is pictured in the Hawaiian Islands Picturesque, beautiful and weird is this story, developed beneath tropic skies. You will find thrills, action and adventure in this, latest of Betty Compson production. First showing in any small town. Special Comedy, News, Organ 10-30c.

WED. THURS. JUNE 20-21 Jack Holt in his newest Paramount picture "THE TIGERS CLAW". A dramatic story of India. Here's the kind of thrill-swept romance Jack Holt reveals in Sinking to the depths, fighting his way back against odds. Actually filmed in the Jungles. See the attack of the tiger, and the dynamiting of the dam, the water sweeping the valley below. First run in any small town. Special comedy, organ 10-30c.

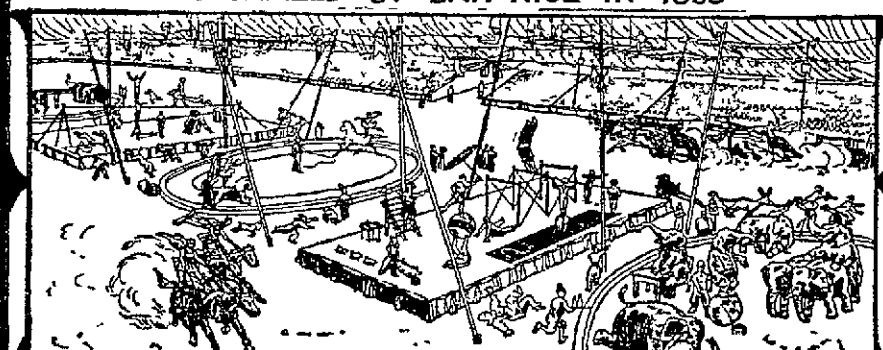
FRI. SAT. JUNE 22-23 H. A. Snow's "HUNTING BIG GAME IN AFRICA". The picture that played three months at the Lyric Theatre New York at \$1.65 admission. This is the first showing in any small town of this remarkable picture. See a stampede wild elephants charging the camera. A ferocious leopard hurls itself at the picture hunters. An enraged rhinoceros charge headlong into the camera. Thrilling battle of a troop of elephants in the crater of an extinct volcano. The warthog—the Pansy Bonehead of the forest—charge headlong into the Ford car on which the camera is mounted with unexpected results. Two years of adventure squeezed into two hours of thrills! Nothing like it on earth! Don't miss it. Matinee Sat. 10-22c, night 20-40c.

YEAR'S BEST HOLIDAY
BEDFORD

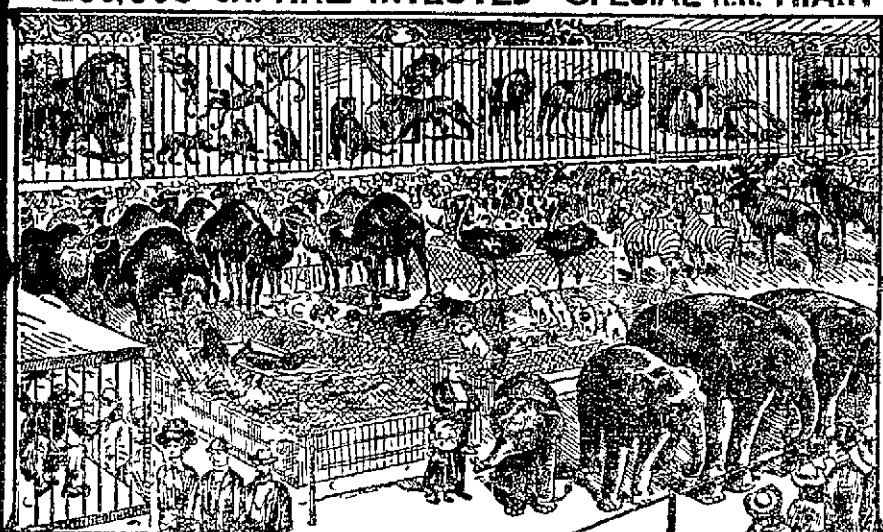
Thursday, June 21
ONE DAY ONLY

THE GREAT
RICE BROS.
SHOWS

ORGANIZED BY DAN RICE IN 1853



\$200,000 CAPITAL INVESTED - SPECIAL R.R. TRAIN



TOM TOM Oldest and largest elephant in the world. Your grandfather fed him peanuts.

2-BANDS-2-A CITY OF TENTS
Performances 2 and 8 p.m.—Doors Open 1 and 7 p.m.

COTTONVILLE

Tom and Margaret Helsel spent Tuesday with Mrs. Fred Walter. Katie Feathers spent the week end with her uncle, Blair Feathers and family at Sprout.

Edith Walter spent Sunday with Cecelia Dively.

Jennie Brumbaugh, of Claysburg, assisted Mrs. McClellan Walter in cleaning house on Wednesday.

Mrs. Samuel Helsel spent Friday with Mrs. Irvin Claar at Sprout.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Claar and child, of a Marie Bruce, Orpha, Orville and Gertrude, of East Freedom, spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Black.

Miss Lizzie Lungenfelder, Alice Black and Nellie Boyer spent Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. John Sule.

Those who spent Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Adam Colebaugh were Mrs. Sidney McVey, of Altoona, Mr. and Mrs. Pittsford.

Arch Weyant and daughter Genevieve, of Queen and W. and Mrs. Joseph Claar and daughter Daisy and Essie Claar of this place.

Visitors at the home of Mrs. Ellen Black were Mr. and Mrs. Miles Black and Mr. and Mrs. George Black of Eldorado. Mr. and Mrs. John Cain and daughter Dorothy, Nevada Black, Mary Walter and daughter Pauline, Mrs. Zong, Mr. and Mrs. Teel, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Lungenfelder and Lucilla Black, of Claysburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Claar attended the "ave" at W.bury on Sunday evening.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Sweeten

FARMERS' PAGE

The Cinderella of The Working World

"Agriculture alone, employing as it does half the working people of the world, has been left forgotten in the chimney corner." What is being done at Geneva for the world's primal industry?

In that group of industries which composes the family circle of a workaday world there sits, as by many another heart, one child that is a creature apart, neglected, shabby, forlorn—the Cinderella. As it may happen in domestic life, so does it come to pass in industry that this neglected individual is the most deserving of them all. In fact, the Cinderella of the working world is none other than that fundamental industry which feeds them all—agriculture.

For a generation past much thought and care have been given to the other members of the world's working family. Those who go into the teeming factories of nations which produce the clothing that men wear have been organized in a successful demand for decent conditions under which to toil. Those who transport the supplies of the world on land and sea have secured for themselves under most flags the boon of the eight hour day. Workers who go beneath the surface of the earth to bring forth the coal and iron and gold for man's enrichment have succeeded in getting thrown about themselves all the safeguards and protection that modern science can devise.

Agriculture alone, employing as it does half the working people in all the world, has been left forgotten in the chimney corner, untouched by the multitude of blessings that have been showered in the laps of others by a marvelous modern civilization. Twelve and fifteen hours a day does this Cinderella labor in rough homespun, housed in the attic, her mind dulled by the monotony of a hard life. I wonder if there is any where a Prince Charming who could bear her away and establish her in her proper sphere?

Well it happens that just now a bold knight of the sociological world is attempting to do exactly this for all the toilers upon all the farms in all the world. A sort of D'Artagnan he is from out of the provinces, a dauntless fellow who minds not the obstacles along the way, a redheaded individual with a weatherbeaten face, hailing from as far away as Brandon, Manitoba. Walter Alexander Riddell is his name, and he is working through the medium of that new office agency, the International Labor Office, with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland.

Dr. Riddell, educated half in Canada and half in the United States, began his professional life as a minister of the gospel, with a congregation made up chiefly of Scotch ironworkers from Clyde, now employed as railroad shopmen in Winnipeg. He studied sociology under Dr. Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, and worked with Dr. Loring Hapgood Goddard, now chief of extension work for the American department of agriculture in making an Ohio rural life survey, commanding the Canadian "soldiers of the soil" during the war, became deputy minister of labor, and finally was sent to Geneva with a lot of the western viewpoint. He owns a farm in Manitoba which he personally operated for twelve years.

The International Labor Office want to make the world a better place in which to live by the simple expedient of blanketing it with better working conditions. It feels that one nation, operating alone, may saddle upon itself a handicap if it, for example, shortens working hours. But if all the nations work together in doing this thing, none will have an advantage over the other, and none will suffer.

So Dr. Riddell, of Canada, was assigned the task of getting the nations of the world into agreement for bringing neglected agricultural labor up to the standard. It is a bit of a task to spread out the map of the world and get hold of a problem like that of the condition of the largest working class among the peoples who go to make it up, to diagnose their conditions, to devise a remedy or a series of remedies, that will really help. But with a boldness of spirit, with a year to do it, and an organization of fifty four nations back of you, much can be accomplished. This organization has only begun the mastery of one of the biggest problems in the world. How should it go about this task?

First, it decided to submit a questionnaire to each of the fifty four nations that constitute it. It would make these nations its reporters. It would get the facts from them. Then, also, it would get their opinions as to what should be done.

"Do you consider that, during periods when schools are open," he asked, "child labor on the land should be forbidden? If so, what measures do you propose?"

"Do you think that the hours of work on the farm should be regulated? In the face of the odd chores to be done, how can this task be approached? How about the difficulties of the harvesting season, of dairying? How could regulations be enforced on isolated farms?"

"Should nations take measures to provide against unemployment among agricultural workers?"

"Should governments create co-operative societies to encourage the purchase of lands?"

"Should employers' liability apply to farm workers?"

There were these and scores of

interest and carefulness. Much information and opinion were gathered systematized, digested. A start had been made.

In the meantime, Dr. Riddell was busily at work along other lines. He compiled the information from all the world on the subject of farm labor. Many nations had made important studies. Many labor agencies had dug deep into the problems. In many European countries the agricultural workers is as highly organized as the man in the factory. His organizations have a wide background of experience. There is much literature in the world, on such a subject as this. The staff of the International Labor Office included experts from many nations with a knowledge of more languages. Through them special investigations could be instituted.

By the time of the annual conference the subject was quite well organized. The mass of information had been digested, boiled down, reduced to a single volume of only 600 pages. Thus was it made available to any representative of any nation who had a serious interest in the subject. Upon it were based a series of definite proposals for the conference to consider. These proposals went before the conference, gave it something with which to start. The men who constituted it, representatives of many nations, of many viewpoints, of many types of agriculture of many modes of life, from nation where peasant women by the million toil in the field, where farm laborers live in the barns with the cattle where they migrate from place to place with their blankets on their backs; from countries where, on the contrary, their employment is hereditary; from countries where they are virtually serfs; and from countries where tomorrow they will be the landlords, fell upon the proposals submitted. For a month they pulled them this way and that, criticized them, revamped them, debated them almost came to blows over them.

In the end, this conference drafted a group of conventions which all the states composing it are pledged to consider. They may refuse to write those conventions into law, but they will at least give them consideration. The International Labor Office will keep constantly in touch with all the member nations, will keep asking why, it is authorized by these nations to insist in just this way.

One of these conventions concerns workman's compensation. It binds the members who ratify it, to attempt to extend to workmen on farms compensation similar to that which they secure in other industries. Farm work in some countries, as, for instance, in the United States, where much machinery is used, is a comparatively hazardous industry. If a man loses an eye by getting a pitch fork stuck into it, the matter is his own misfortune and concerns no body else. If a mowing machine cuts off his leg, all that happens is that he loses his job because of his disability. Yet in many industries he is compensated. Possibly this is one of the reasons why workers tend constantly away from the farm and into industrial centers. If farming state should develop a system, through some such device as a very small tax on cultivated land, to extend this protection to farm labor, justice to these workers would, in the first place, be done, and in the second place, relief would be provided against those conditions that are driving farm laborers to the cities.

The conference drafted a convention forbidding the employment of children on farms when school is in session. It does not much affect such communities as the United States where similar laws are already quite general. But it carries the hope of banishment of illiteracy to many millions of youngsters here and there all over the world. It would, when none are counted, probably affect half of the school children of the world.

Primarily the most outstanding effect of the conventions of the International Labor Office is among the nations heretofore inactive in regard to labor legislation. It is a striking fact, for instance, that the first three nations to ratify all the conventions of the Washington conference of 1919, including approval of the principle of the eight hour day, were Greece, Bulgaria and Rumania.

Nations that work all the day long, that employ much child and woman labor, that spend little on sanitation and improving working conditions, have an advantage in economical production over nations that are more advanced in these matters. Whatever influence the International Labor Organization may have to ward bringing these nations up to standard will relieve the advance nations of just that much of the handicap that they are carrying. The first advantage that promise to accrue to the advanced nation therefore, is relief to its industrial of a degree of the advantage held by competitors who work cheap labor.

The conference of 1921 made a number of recommendations to the member nations, a recommendation being less strong than a convention. These suggested care as to women near childbirth, and as to women and children in night work. It asked the nations to make intensive studies of the problems of unemployment. It wanted them to study technical methods by which more land could be brought under cultivation, improved systems of cultivation, getting people on the land, the encouragement of cooperative societies that would make land purchase possible, the development of industries to supplement farm work. All of which recommendations will be sent

done. So is a leaven set to work which may produce results that we dream not of.

Then, finally, it recommended that each member of the International Labor Organization, which has not already done so, take statutory and other measures to regulate the living-in conditions of agricultural workers. It insisted that where the climate required it, workers' quarters contain rooms that can be heated, that except in families the sexes be segregated, that facilities making cleanliness possible be provided, that stables, cowhouses and open sheds be not used as sleeping quarters.

These resolutions, of course, were based upon the established fact that such abuses were widespread throughout the world. There are multitudes of human beings who live in cowsheds, who are herded together without regard to sex, who have not the facilities for cleanliness, who live in cold climates in rooms that cannot be heated. The purpose is to get the world to think of the possibilities of remedying these conditions.

The International Labor Office claims merely to have made a start toward solving this stupendous problem of improving the condition of the farm worker the world around. It has, however, started. It has started earnestly. It intends to stick to its task, increase its effectiveness, persist, insist. It believes in that new thing in the world—the international agency to transact international business. It believes that the peace and wellbeing of the world depend on "social justice." It wants to make the world a better place in which to live.

Senator Newberry

In the election in Michigan, Senator Townsend was defeated for reelection. He had voted to seat Senator Newberry, after a court trial and a subsequent senatorial investigation had shown that Mr. Newberry had spent more than \$195,000 to secure his election, notwithstanding a state statute limiting his lawful expenditures to \$3,500 and a federal statute, afterwards declared unconstitutional, to \$7,500. The expenditures of Senator Newberry had created a scandal of national importance, and he maintained his seat in the senate only by a slight majority of the senate. The people of Michigan felt the disgrace, and set was repudiated for his support of Newberry. At the same time Calder of New York, Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, New of Indiana, Poindexter of Washington, and Kellogg of Minnesota, who also had voted for Newberry, were defeated in the senate. This evidently convinced Senator Newberry that his case was hopeless, and he resigned. This may well close the case as far as Newberry is concerned. He has paid the penalty of his folly, for which he blames those who got him into it.

But Senator Newberry's experience should serve as a warning to those who are corrupting elections by the use of money, a crime most dangerous to the republic. It should also encourage the people to fight for clean politics and not to lose courage by defeat. The heart of the body politic is honest, and when the voters are intelligently aroused they are capable of dealing with the enemies of the country.

Don't Trust The Bull

No man trusts a tiger until it is dead. A bull, altho he uses an entirely different method, can do just as much damage as any animal in the zoo or in the jungle. He is more vicious and treacherous than most of them, and with such a reputation no man should trust him for a minute, no matter what his record for good behavior has been. "Mean" bulls perhaps have killed fewer men than those considered safe.

There are few rural neighborhoods without a list of tragedies and near-tragedies resulting from putting trust in "perfectly gentle" animals. Only a few weeks ago an employee of the United States Department of Agriculture, visiting in New York State, was so badly injured by a dairy bull that he died a short time later. The owner led out the animal, always considered gentle, to have its picture taken. Without warning the animal knocked down his owner and then gored the department employee who had rushed to the man's assistance.

Had this bull been led on a staff, attached to the ring in his nose the tragedy could not have happened. Better still, it might have been kept in a pen so arranged that handling would not have been necessary at all.

Plans for constructing safe bull pens may be obtained from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Every farmer who owns a bull would do well to put up this warning in his barn: "Don't Trust the Bull."

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SOIL

Sometimes you see a man dig his toe into the ground and hear him say, "That soil's dead; it will not produce anything." You do not realize, perhaps, how true the words are. Good soil is literally living soil. An Ohio scientist, Professor McClure, declares that "a single teaspoonful of soil may contain more living inhabitants than the whole United States." It is these invisible but beneficent little people of the soil that unlock its stored up fertility and cause the plants to grow.

More Dairying Farm Woman's View

How Railroad Stimulated Work for Farmers—Urges Reading of Harvey's "Common Sense"

Some times you find the truth in unexpected places. One of our popular magazine feature men who have "made good," the president of a certain railroad, explained his success in this way:

He found his road's most urgent need was something to transport. After careful study and with the help of the agricultural college, he introduced purebred dairy stock into a celebrated western valley, "thereby giving the farmer and his family something to do, twice a day," and, I should add, half the night. For if you go in for dairying, you won't lie in bed long enough to grow corn on your ears from pressing on the pillow, I assure you.

These dairy herds have now become famous, but I find in the recent message of the governor of that state this significant passage: "But we may, unless we remedy conditions at that time be buying our food and clothing in Asia and South America and from islands of the sea, and we may see the beautiful dairy herds of Oregon, the pride of many a home, driven from the state by its greatest competitor, the coconut cow."

We have built up an excellent dairy herd here in western Washington. It has taken up 10 years; so I speak from experience. While we could sell fat hogs and veal calves as a side line, we manage to keep even and some times gained a little. Now we are slipping behind in spite of all our hard work and our herd is practically valueless, if we were to try to sell it. It is a life of perpetual servitude. So to others I would say, "find out who you are going to support." It means separator, cream cans, milk pails, silo-ensilage cutter, mower, rakes, hay forks and track, veterinary bills innumerable—things for which you will have to pay whatever the dealer asks.

When you take your cream, butter or milk to market you will have to take a very satisfactory and fluctuating thing, the market price. Try and find the birthplace of the market price for butter, will you? I have never located it so far.

County Agent Tuning Up For New Stunts

If I read the preliminary signs aright our county agent is tuning up for a campaign to be put out on here for increased dairy production. We have had Farm Bureau advantages two years by a troupe of carefully hand-picked safe and sane performers. We have also had squirrel poison, purebred beef stock, brood sows distributed, calf club, sewing club, dress form demonstration, poultry culling and "seed potato tonic." Still the millennium is bashful and hesitates to reside with us.

Our chamber of commerce are planning "to tell the world" by booklet or folder "the exact facts concerning this being a real place to come for a home. In other words, since we who are here can not continue to pay our interest and taxes, we need more settlers who will be in the same financial condition (pure logic).

Perhaps we are fortunate here in that it is a timbered country and we have plenty of fuel. We can also raise a diversity of crops. Hay, grain, fruit, berries and all kinds of vegetables. Our nearest market, however, is Spokane, over 80 miles away. The people of Spokane seem to suffer from a disease, chronic unemployment. I find the farmers' prosperity depends partly on a prosperous laboring folk who can purchase what food they need.

To you who are beginners in studying why your shoes do not last until you can save enough to buy a pair of shoddy trousers, I would say read two books as a starter. Upton Sinclair's "Brass Check" and Harvey's "Common Sense." Read carefully and slowly, washing your mind clean of any former teaching or preconceived ideas you may have.

Weight Harvey's argument. Does not interest on money furnish a motive that leads to all the dishonesty in the world? Manipulation of markets, corrupter of legislatures, maker of wars. It furnishes the motive behind the poisoning of men's minds, through our papers and magazines, as is described by Sinclair in his "Brass Check."

Don't take my word or any one else's word, investigate for yourself. Check and weight evidence step by step.

Kept Papers Offers Soothing Syrup. An editor made the assertion in a recent article that the Curtis publications had done more to mechanize and standardize the American mind than any other one agency.

The County Gentleman has been advertising extensively in all other farm papers lately, 13 weeks for 25 cents. What it is preparing your minds for? Credit legislation, if it can be jammed through, and pleading that the railroads should be fed from the public trough a little longer.

If you are honest with yourself and honest in your efforts to learn, you will discover many sources from which you are receiving mental soothing syrup. You may even have to part with or devise your religion for the farmer is not alone in his woes. The whole world is struggling to get out from under the thousands who live in luxury on the people's ignorance.

A last word as to county agents. They are easier hired than fired. As

more than a field man for the stockyards, banker and railroad. A sort of a super-advertising man paid at public expense for drumming up trade. It is a well known fact, if you want people to do a certain thing or things, convince them first that it is to their advantage to do so. Therefore, farm more, farm better, farm cheaper.

The agricultural colleges go to the legislature for their appropriations. Have they helped the farmer establish a better marketing system? If not, why not?

Invested capital in its fight for interest and profit is gradually destroying production and purchasing power, consequently destroying itself. What shall take its place?

I will be glad to read ideas from others along interest or usury lines, as being one of the major causes of our economic bondage.

"Build Up, Not Down"

"Build your farm co-operatives from the ground up," is the advice Sir Horace Plunkett brings to American farmers. Sir Horace is now in the United States to investigate farm conditions. He is the "Grand Old Man" of Irish co-operators, the founder and director of the great Agricultural Organization Society, a 30-year-old co-operative with 156,000 farmer members now operating over 900 co-operative creameries, stores, factories, egg markets and other enterprises.

A notable characteristic of the co-operative movement in the United States is that it is built from the top down," says Sir Horace. "In Ireland we do it the other way."

Direct Trade in New Zealand. New Zealand and England have set a remarkable example in direct trading between producers and consumers which is going far toward eliminating the wastes of distribution and parasitic middlemen.

Nearly three years ago the co-operative dairy companies in New Zealand decided to sell their products to co-operators of Great Britain. A trading organization was formed in New Zealand to link up the different dairy companies into a single unit. This organization is known as the New Zealand Co-operative Marketing Association, Ltd. It is responsible for all the work of securing, storing, handling and shipping a vast amount of co-operative produce obtained for the British market.

In this country the All-American Cooperative Commission, with headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio, has been organized for the same purpose of bringing producers and consumers co-operatives in closer trading connections. The millstone about the necks of workers on the farm side and in the factory is the parasitic toll of middlemen's profits, and will continue to burden workers until farm and industrial co-operatives come together in closer trading relations. New Zealand and English workers have led the way, and others are following, toward winning for both city and country workers fairer prices and better products.

Suggested Bulletins

Great service might be rendered by the department of agriculture if its experts would prepare bulletins on the following subjects:

1. How to keep soft-hearted farmers who can't feed their own pigs from answering the fat boys' squeals for more swill.
2. How to fire a county agent.
3. The precise quantities of dirt needed to make a dirt farmer acceptable for appointment as such to Washington positions. We would inform many pitch-fork artists who think they are dirty enough to qualify.

4. Why politicians and fixed newspapers which have lately taken to ballyhooing co-operation for farmers do not use it to acquire their own pork and beans. If co-operation is the remedy for poverty, this bulletin might reveal why farmers are so poor as to need it, while business is "so situated" that it doesn't have to.
5. A full list of the political traitors who helped to force the financiers' deflation policy on the western farmers with the names of those already slaughtered by League farmers properly indicated. This bulletin would enable the farmers to see how much there is left to do.
6. A list of documents showing how federal reserve board officials yelled more farm production up to the precise hour and minute when they started deflation. Use Washington time in calculations!
7. How to avoid mortgage sharks.
8. A model declaration of independence for the use of wives of farmers who substitute them for the hired man and vote for reactionary candidates.
9. How to detect and exterminate organization-killing politicians.
10. Tax dodging, how it is successfully applied by big business and how farmers can profit by the secrets.
11. How to produce less corn, wheat, pork and beef with special reference as to whether it would pay to kill off all the purebred stock; also offer of a reward for a patent muffer capable of stopping the noise for "more dairying" when properly attached to the known criminals.

Stomach Needs Occasional Rest.

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Can He Answer

About 10 years ago we began to be troubled with bugs—bugs for wheat, bugs for potatoes, bugs for cabbage—a bug for everything we raised, and once in a while an army of grasshoppers to clean up what the other bugs left. But we have licked these crop bugs.

There is one bug, however, which is still doing a lot of damage and if we can't beat it, we might as well quit trying to feed farm magazine editors. I refer to the Wall street humbug.

As you undoubtedly know, this bug wears an American flag on his back and lives entirely on money and credit. It has hovered over 20 billions of what we had in the spring of 1920 and the bugs are so fat that their legs can hardly carry their bodies. Due to these humbugs there is nothing left to pay a decent price for crops after we have protected them from the other bugs and prayed successfully all summer for rain.

Will you please tell us what we can do to get rid of these bug in an early issue of your paper?

Shooing Away The Wise Ones

"Have you heard this?" said Neighbor Quiz.

"Depends," said I, "on what it is." "Why, this about young Tim McGehee?"

Said I, "That doesn't interest me!"

"Have you heard all this recent stuff about your neighbor, Phil McGehee, how he went down to Fernandale?"

"I have no interest in the tale!" That settled Quiz, and off he went to seek a more attentive gent.

"Have you heard all that's going on about the Widder Lizzie Brown?" said Neighbor Probe, with face all set to tell me what he should forget.

"Perhaps I have, perhaps I've not," said I, "but ditch the tomplot!"

"I heard the strangest thing today," my Neighbor Probe went on to say, "about young Barney Shifflewood—that surely took me by surprise! And that about young Mackelray, it more than took my breath away when I first heard about the scrap!" continued Probe, with mouth agape!

"Your breath away?" said I, "Alack! Too bad you ever got it back!"

Awant Probe to seek and find a listener more keen and kind!

No doubt each man upon the globe has Neighbor Quiz and Neighbor Probe, those fellows who will never fail to ferret out and spread a tale. The only way to treat such men, I've often said, and say again, is just to shoo them on their way, like I did both of them today!—J. Edward Tufft.

Nearly every one who has publicly opposed the farmers' demand for emergency fixing of the wheat price, has laid the blame for poor prices on the farmers themselves. The farmers are blamed for producing beyond what the market will take at a fair price. They are called unbusinesslike.

The government, of course, has fixed the prices for most of the manufacturers through high protective tariffs. It has refused to do similar service for farmers producing a surplus for export. The manufacturers can oppose farmer request for stabilizing prices with poor grace when they have been getting the same thing for 50 years.

But still there is something to this challenge of the anti-farmer crowd. The farmers have not done all that they could do to get better prices.

OKLAHOMA RANCHERS BUSY

With \$10,000 pledged by members of the Co-operative Livestock Association of Oklahoma for the establishment of a co-operative commission house in Oklahoma City, livestock ranchers of the state will soon begin to save from 25 to 30 percent of the commissions and fees now exacted by middlemen to the pockets of the big meat packers and food speculators. In addition to better prices, it is declared that an average of \$150 a car will be made by the shippers selling through the co-operative association, which will sell the farmers' cattle and hogs at cost. To get the benefit of these savings, all shippers must be members of the cooperative. The small dues charged are to be returned as soon as there is a surplus in the organization's treasury. Many of the big ranchmen in 17 counties throughout the state have agreed to market their livestock through the new co-operative commission houses already in Oklahoma City.

Fifty-Fifty

Present a hand over his forehead, the veteran land-surveyor pained for breath as he surveyed the knock-kneed recruit. Then he pointed a scornful finger. "No," he declared, "you're hopeless. You'll never make a soldier. Look at your legs. The top half of your legs is standard, to attention, at the bottom half is standard at ease?"

Only American Flag.

There are flags made of red, white and blue stripes, but the American flag is not only the stripes and stars, but the proportions, and the way the stars are well arranged upon a blue field in certain proportions in a certain order. No one should mistake



The Joy of Living

by Sidney Gowling

(Continued from Last Week)

"I am not conscious of having expressed any such argument," said Lord Scroope very stiffly, but with a certain pluckiness about the ears. "As for Alexander, he is in every way an excellent young man. But if he is to marry, the last thing I should have desired is his alliance with my daughter. Their temperaments are so opposed that I am convinced nothing but unhappiness could result—in fact, your news seemed to me almost incredible. I do not know what to do—the position is very difficult for me, if the child has really become attached to him," concluded Lord Scroope, with visible distress.

"Good gracious, man, what did you expect?" exclaimed his sister-in-law.

"It never entered my head," said Lord Scroope, emphatically. "I thought that your influence, and that of Alexander, would have a steadying effect on Aimee, who was in some need of it. But this—"

Lady Erythea showed increasing exasperation.

"You are talking rubbish!" she exclaimed, sharply. "Of all the girls known to me, no more suitable mate could be found for Alexander. Indeed, during her sojourn here Aimee has endeared herself to me scarcely less than to him. Her piety, her quiet devotion—the complete absence in her of all slanginess—all these speak eloquently in her favor."

Lord Scroope gazed at her in bewilderment.

"I really do not follow you, Erythea. And I am greatly disappointed," said Lord Scroope heavily, "greatly disappointed. I did not foresee this."

"I am not responsible, my dear Anthony, for your lack of foresight," said his sister-in-law, acidly. A shadow darkened the window, and she turned. "But your daughter can answer for herself."

Georgina stepped in through the open window, followed by Mr. Lambe. Suddenly observing Lord Scroope she halted and became rigid. Every scrap of color left her cheeks. Alexander halted also, and slowly turned a deep plum color.

"So, it is a full brother," said Lady Erythea to her brother-in-law, almost with a touch of pleading, "the amiable, Anthony, and bestow your blessing on the happy pair."

She raised her ear-trumpet as though to share in the benediction. Lord Scroope looked at Georgina dumbly and then stared at Lady Erythea.

"What did you say?" he asked dizzily.

"The happy pair!" said Lady Erythea, loudly and irritably.

"Where is my daughter?" exclaimed Lord Scroope with consternation. "Erythea, where is my daughter?"

Lady Erythea started. She glanced at Georgina's horror-stricken face, and then, with deep concern, moved to her brother-in-law's side.

"My dear Anthony," she said in a low voice, "come upstairs and lie down. It will soon pass off. Do not be alarmed, Aimee. Lean on my arm, Anthony."

Lord Scroope shook himself free.

"Are you in your senses, Erythea? This is my niece by marriage—Georgina Berners. What is she doing here?"

"Yes," gulped Alexander's fiancée. "I'm Georgina. I couldn't help it."

She collapsed into an armchair and burst into tears. Alexander stood over her like a large and protective dog; he laid a hand on her shoulder and glared at the others with defiance.

Lady Erythea turned pale. It was disconcerting to find two members of the Scroope family simultaneously smitten with insanity.

"Where is Aimee?" insisted Lord Scroope, turning upon her. "Where is my daughter?"

"Dad!"

The disheveled parlor maid darted in through the door. Aimee's cap was awry, her face was pale, her eyes very bright; the top of her apron heaved tumultuously. She stopped short, as Lady Erythea glared speechless at this intrusion.

"Don't cry, George," said Aimee; "it wasn't your fault."

"Have I been transported into Bedlam?" asked Lord Scroope, dizzily. "Or are you rehearsing a charade? What is she doing in this costume?"

Lady Erythea struggled for breath. "This," she said grimly, "is my parlor maid, Snooks, whom I foolishly engaged on your recommendation. She has engaged herself again, however, to my chauffeur."

Lord Scroope looked at his sister-in-law with commiseration.

"This," he said, in the soothing tone with which one would address a delirious person, "is my daughter, Aimee. I am rather glad to find her—in any costume. I began to wonder what you had done with her."

Lady Erythea's frame slowly stiffened. Her fingers clenched the ear-trumpet as though it were the handle of a club. Her eyes were terrible. Be-

as his eyes traveled rapidly over the group.

"A thousand pardons! A family matter, I perceive," he said quickly, "I will withdraw."

"Don't go, Vicomte!" exclaimed Aimee. "Anyone who's a friend of mine is welcome here. You may as well be in at the death."

"If I can be of any service—" said Bertrand. He bowed courteously to Aimee's father. "Lord Scroope, I presume."

"You," said Lady Erythea to Bertrand, trembling with wrath, "were



"You Were Also in This Conspiracy."

also in this conspiracy! You appear to know the whole story!"

"Oh, of course he knows it," said Aimee, wildly, "just as Billy knew it, and Georgina, and Diana, too. They all did their best for me—right from the beginning. I wasn't worth it—but they did."

"It seems," said Lady Erythea, gripping the back of a chair, "that everyone in my household knew all about this—except myself and my nephew! Who, through his position and his innocence, now finds himself—"

"I beg your pardon, Aunt," said Alexander, pallid but calm, "I also, knew everything that was to be known—from the moment Aimee entered this house. I knew that Georgina—was Georgina. I am as culpable as any."

Lady Erythea stared at her nephew blankly. A curious expression came into her eyes. At last she seemed to detect in Alexander the one thing she had believed was lacking—the touch of the original Adam. But Lord Scroope's face hardened.

"You!" he said grimly. "You also knew the truth? The action of the others, I can understand. But—a Churchman cannot lend himself to such a conspiracy as this."

"Under correction, Lord Scroope," said de Jussac gently; "a gentleman cannot betray a woman's confidence without her consent."

Lord Scroope winced perceptibly. He turned to de Jussac and bowed.

"Am I receiving instruction from a layman?" he inquired.

"It is the last thing I would dare," replied Bertrand humbly. "It is I who seek instruction. Does not the Church respect the seal of the confessional?"

"I make no claim, and no excuses!" said Alexander suddenly. "I have only this to say. I loved Georgina Berners from the day I saw her. When I learned the real position I loved her more. Her loyalty and devotion only increased my esteem. She is the only woman living that I care for; I require you to remember that she is my promised wife. And nobody in this room," said Alexander hotly, "shall address one word of reproach to her!"

"Well done!" cried Aimee. "Alexander, you're a man. I'm proud of you, cousin!"

"Thank you, Aimee," said Alexander. "It is for me," said Lord Scroope sternly, "to apportion the blame. Georgina Berners is here under—"

He was interrupted by the volcanic arrival of Billy through the window, panting and eager, the tuft of hair on top of his head erect like the crest of a cockatoo.

"I've been looking for you everywhere!" he cried. "You—"

"Go out!" said Lady Erythea fiercely.

"Pardon me," said Billy, advancing, "but I guess my place is here. Whatever blame is, I take it. Lord Scroope, I know that what I've done is past apology, but—"

"Shut up, Billy!" exclaimed Aimee. "I've told them everything—I've said all there is to say. And," she added, under her breath, "for once I think I've made a better hand of it than you could."

Before anyone could reply, Georgina rose, sobbing, and made a dive for the door.

"Let me go!" she said brokenly. "I want to go away. I want to go—"

Billy, glancing quickly from her to Aimee and Lord Scroope, turned and flitted out again through the window. No one noticed him. All eyes were on Georgina.

Alexander intervened—but it was Lady Erythea who, with an extraordinarily determined movement, overtook Georgina. Passing a supporting arm round the girl's waist, she turned and faced the stupefied company.

"Let me remind you all," said Lady Erythea, in a voice that compelled silence, "of one thing that is in danger of being overlooked. I am mistress here at Jervaulx! I have listened with an unexampled patience. Hold your

tongue, Anthony! I have welcomed the alliance of Georgina with this family, and Alexander will have such a wife as I myself would have chosen for him. Georgina, your only fault is your devotion to the mad creature there, and for that I give you absolution. I require direction from no one—your marriage with my nephew shall take place as soon as possible."

"Aunt!" exclaimed Mr. Lambe, joyously, "I—"

"Do not interrupt me, Alexander!" said his aunt. She turned to Aimee.

"As for you," continued Lady Erythea, icily, "I really find myself in your debt. I can never be sufficiently thankful that you did not come here as my guest, and that Alexander was spared your authorized companionship! One shudders to reflect on the possibilities."

"You appear to have enlisted the services of everyone but me to shield your disreputable escapade, and to have enrolled many simple-minded persons in your defense. You may have deluded these men," said Lady Erythea, with a scornful wave of her hand towards the company, "but you do not delude me! I find in you no qualities but selfishness and deceit—and I am glad that your sojourn in my house has been confined to the servants' hall, though I dread to think what your influence may have been on my domestics, from whom I require honesty and decency."

Aimee, very white, suddenly broke into a flood of tears. The next moment Lord Scroope had his arm around her and held her to him.

"Not another word, Erythea!" he said sternly. "You have had provocation—but you have said enough and much more than enough. Gentlemen, I thank you for what you have done on my daughter's behalf. And you, too, Georgina, come, Aimee, little girl. Let us go home."

He led her away; Aimee clung to her father, sobbing as she went. Before they reached the door it was opened quickly, admitting Billy, who closed it again. Over his arm was a long hooded driving cloak of Lady Erythea's, ravished from the lobby.

"Put this on!" he said to Aimee.

"Billy," she gulped, darting at it, "you think of everything."

In a moment the cloak covered the parlor maid's dress and the hood was drawn over her cap. Lord Scroope stared in surprise at Billy.

"I've told your chauffeur, sir," said Billy, "to bring the auto round to this side—I thought you would like to avoid the front and the servants."

As he spoke the big motor slid to a standstill on the drive opposite the windows.

"Mr. Spencer," said Lord Scroope,



Billy Stood to Attention.

looking at him judiciously, "I include you in my thanks."

Mr. Spencer bowed and passed out quickly through the window. He was holding the door of the car open when Aimee and her father got in. He snapped the door to, and, stepping to the front, spoke in an undertone to the chauffeur.

"Keep right away through the park here to the north gates," said Billy, pointing, "and drive like h—ll."

The bishop's chauffeur gave a slight start, and let in the clutch.

"Billy!" gasped Aimee, turning toward him as the motor slid by.

Billy stood to attention and gravely touched the peak of his cap. He watched the automobile disappear at a most unepiscopal pace down the back drive.

When it was out of sight, Billy walked very slowly to his quarters over the garage.

(Continued next week)

Uncle Sam's Islands.
The island of Tutuila and other small Samoan islands came into the possession of the United States in January, 1900. This island has an area of about fifty-four square miles, with a population of 3,800. Mauna and the other islands have a united area of about twenty-five square miles, with about 2,000 inhabitants. Pago Pago is the only good harbor.

Essence of Pearls.
Pearls, from which artificial pearls are produced from the brilliant scales of the ablet, or blay, a small fish with a green back and a white belly. About four thousand of these produce a pound of scales which gives a quarter of a pound of the essence.

FORD BOOM STIRS GREAT INTEREST

BOTH REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC MANAGERS ARE RATHER AGITATED.

HEARST'S SUPPORT EXPECTED

Old Party Leaders Agree That the Automobile Manufacturers' Best Chance for Nomination Will Come From a Third Party.

By EDWARD B. CLARK

Washington.—For some days there has been agitation on the face of the party waters in Washington. Democrats and Republicans are wondering whether the Henry Ford breeze which has ruffled the water is only a passing zephyr or whether it is to gain the force of a wind of popular sentiment and blow the motor man through the open doorway into the White House.

This Ford boom is giving trouble to the managers of both parties. What effect it is having on the rank and file of Democracy and Republicanism is not yet known definitely. Members of both parties are attempting to read the signs of the times.

Col. Edward M. House started for Europe the other day. He was just about to mount the boarding plank of the steamer when he was interviewed on politics. He said it was altogether too early to get excited over anything political, "for it is a long time until the convention date."

Hardly had this ordinarily accounted astute politician sailed before the Ford manifestations took on what some politicians call a menacing aspect and what others call a smiling aspect. At this writing it would seem that the politicians expect William Randolph Hearst to support the Ford movement with all the influences, printed or otherwise, at his command.

What Old Party Leaders Say.

The Republican managers are interested in the Ford manifestation not because they think it in any way humanly possible that Mr. Ford can secure a Republican nomination for the presidency, but because they do not know how much strength he could draw from the Republican ranks if he should by any chance become a nominee of the Democrats, or perhaps by a greater chance become the nominee of a third party.

Democratic leaders have said that it is impossible that Henry Ford can be the nominee of their party. Some of them have said that while he might have a great backing in the convention, it would not be sufficient to give him the nomination for it requires a two-thirds vote in the Democratic convention to give the nomination to anybody, and that while Mr. Ford might possibly make a great showing, it would be within the power of the delegates of the "old faith of Democracy" to prevent him from being named.

It is hard to tell from the present fomentation of things, marked as they are, just how much solidity and cohesion is back of what, for lack of a newer and better word, must be called the Ford boom. Three Democrats of note, not one of whom is favorable to the nomination of Mr. Ford, have said that the Detroit man can secure the Democratic delegates in the convention from every southern state except Alabama. They declare that his strength in the country districts will give him this backing. They add that he can get blocks of delegates from some of the middle western and northwestern states, and that he will be a formidable and dangerous rival in the convention, no matter how prominent nor how seemingly strong the candidates may be who are to strive with him for the nomination.

His Third Party Chances.

Seemingly as Washington looks at it today the chief chance of Henry Ford's nomination for the presidency lies in the possibility or probability of a formation of a third party. If such a thing as this should come to pass, the Republican managers seem to think they would lose many of their adherents, but they still have strong doubt as to whether or not such leaders within their own party as have shown third party leanings really would go to the extreme of joining such a party and of supporting Mr. Ford as its nominee.

There recently closed in Chicago a conference of men in public life who met together to consider railroad legislation, or as somebody has put it, railroad restraints. Senator LaFollette was the leading figure in this conference, but among his associates were Democrats who hold membership in congress and others of the party who are prominent in one line or another of progressive or radical endeavor.

It is from groups like this the Republicans and the Democrats feel that third party strength may be recruited. It is said that Senator Borah, who had something to say a year ago about the formation of a third party, has a better understanding with Mr. LaFollette today than ever he had before. This may or may not be true, for Senator Borah always is doing the unexpected and he has in him, as past political history shows, an ingraining of regularity which at the last moment may keep him within the fold of Republicanism.

Real Issues Are Lacking.

If the senate next winter shall sanction the administration's proposal for

American membership in the International Court of Justice this subject probably will be removed from the field of issues not only in the next presidential campaign but in the pre-convention campaign of the winter months.

A careful reading of the various leaflets and pamphlets printed for public perusal by the national Democratic and the Republican committees discloses the fact that the leaders of the two parties recognize the absence from the field of anything which resembles a real issue between the rival political organizations.

It may instantly be said that the League of Nations still is an issue. So it is, but it is not an issue which has complete and consolidated support or opposition in either party. There are plenty of Democrats, as the people's ears have told them, who are opposed to the league, and there are plenty of Republicans who are in favor of it. It is not, strictly speaking, a party issue.

It still seems to be certain that the Republicans will lay claim to continued preferment in national affairs on the strength of the general prosperity of the country, provided the strength does not become a weakness by the time that the presidential campaign begins. Prosperity is not an issue, although the Democratic national committee seems in a way to be striving to make an issue out of it. The effort of the Democratic campaign leadership is to prove that present prosperity is fictitious, that the rich continue to be rich and the poor continue to be poor.

Prohibition Not Party Issue.

Prohibition is not an issue as between the parties. The strongest advocates of the amendment to the Constitution which a good many people do not like are Democrats. Senator Sheppard of Texas was the most earnest and, generally speaking, the most vocal advocate of the cause of the parched throat. That great and good Democrat William Jennings Bryan stood, metaphorically speaking, at Senator Sheppard's elbow, an elbow by the way which never was crooked, to give more power to it when it worked on its hinge in the gesture of oratory in behalf of the cause of causes.

Neither Democrats nor Republicans today can find a party issue in the great public utilities question. Not so many years ago the public carriers and others looked to the Republican party for their salvation from exploitation from overdrastic forms of regulation and from the bogey of government ownership. Today in the congress of the United States the salvation of railroads and some other utilities depends not on the Republican party but upon a group composed of Democrats and Republicans who must fight for old-time conservatism against an element composed of members of both of the great political parties.

Both Have the Same Aims.

There never was a time when immigration strictly was a party issue. It is true that today some of the advocates of less drastic restriction laws look to the Republicans to help lower the bars, but it is virtually certain that the great majority of the members of both houses of congress, irrespective of party, are in favor of putting the bars higher than they are today. Immigration is outside the field of party issues.

Both the Democrats and the Republicans in their speeches and in the "leaflet pleadings" of their national committees endorse plans for lower taxes, proper consideration for labor on the one hand and capital on the other, and for uplifting efforts for agriculture. Some Republicans and some Democrats are denouncing radicalism while others, although avoiding the use of the word radicalism, are charged with doing what they can to radicalize the land. There are a few Republicans and Democrats in both houses of congress who are charged with being to all intents and purposes Communists.

The bloc system in attempts to accomplish things legislative has roused the ire of President Harding, and he has disclosed the rousing in speech and in manner. There are members of both parties who think that if the bloc system has come to stay the old political parties as such may be unable to perform their functions. The issues of the day are between factions and not between parties.

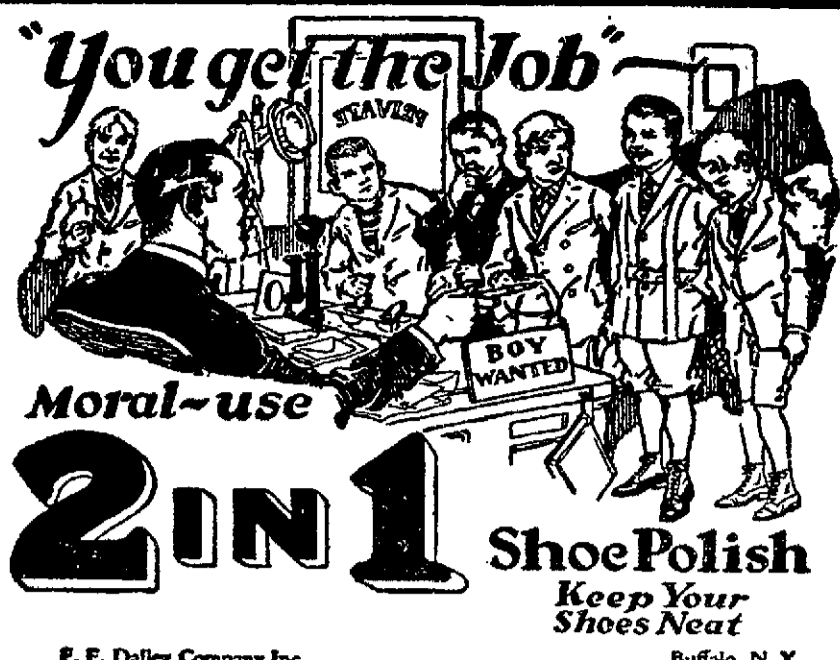
Princess Led Stormy Life.

Princess Tarrakanoff was the daughter of Empress Elizabeth of Russia and Alexis Rozodomoffski, whom the empress had secretly married. She was carried away at the age of twelve by Prince Radzivil and concealed in a convent in Rome. This step was taken by the dissatisfied noble to curb the ambition of Catherine, who then ruled. But it failed, and her favorite, Alexis Orloff, himself pretending great discontent against the government of Catherine, prevailed upon the princess, in the absence of Radzivil, to marry him, return to Russia and incite a new insurrection. The young and unsuspecting princess had no sooner placed herself in his power than she was seized while on board a ship in the bay of Leghorn. She was bound in chains and carried to St. Petersburg. In December, 1777, a violent rising of the Neva suddenly forced the waters into her prison cell and she was drowned before assistance could reach her.

Kills the Odor.

Wipe the knife with which you have cut onions with a damp cloth and then rub briskly with coarse salt. The unpleasant odor will not linger on the metal to annoy you.

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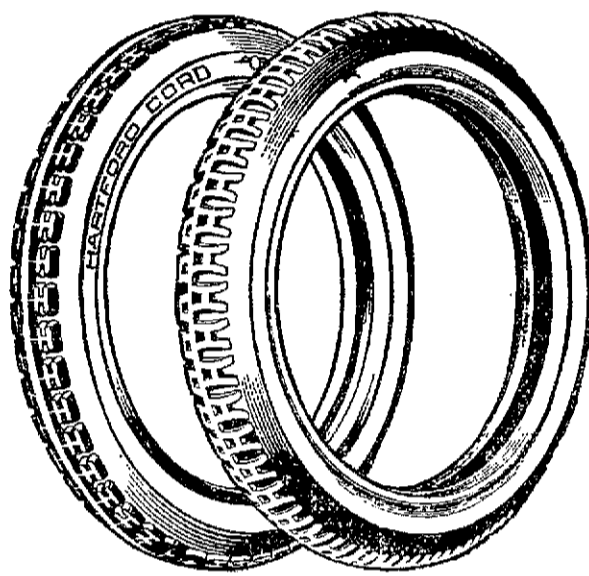
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Matrimonial Adventures

For Value Received

BY
Edith Barnard Delano

Author of "Rags," "Zebedee V.," "The Land of Content," "June," "Two Alks," etc.

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AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF EDITH BARNARD DELANO

It is difficult to know quite where to begin in writing of Edith Barnard Delano. She has done and is so many things. She began writing when she was little more than a girl, and sold immediately her first ten stories. She adds, "and then the good old grind. Meanest job there is—writing—but I would not take any other."

More stories sold, a great many more, to all the leading magazines, and then she wrote for the screen. But Mrs. Delano is an artist, and the call to return to the "legitimate" writing of fiction was too great. She abandoned the motion-picture field, except vicariously, for her place as a novelist.

She was the first author to whom I talked of the Star Author Series of Matrimonial Adventures. Her grasp of the idea was instantaneous. Though one of the biggest magazines in the country is monopolizing her work, she agreed to join. "For Value Received" is short in length, but large in scope. One to whom it was read in manuscript remarked, "Every wife should run away to see Edith Delano."

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

On the way back from the post office Anita Prescott stopped at the turn of the road, where the old apple tree was shedding its rosy petals, and looked down at Miriam's house. Just so had she first seen it on that day four years before, when she and Michael were on their honeymoon wandering; yet it was not that moment of companioned ecstasy that had brought her back, but the remembered peace of it. Peace—that was what she had wanted; when she determined to escape from all that was not peace, all that was disillusion, a sudden vision had come to her of the little white house under the elm, the red roof and the smoke wavering up from its chimney, and the strong, smiling woman who had given them milk to drink. Peace—a refuge during the long year that she must wait for freedom; peace that she must have, and that she told herself she should find here. Determination, vision, flight; then a visit to a lawyer who "took" cases like hers—as if there could be any other like hers!—and, finally, speech with Miriam at the door of the white house.

"You don't want to board here," Miriam had told her. "I have a room, yes. And I'd just love to have you. But this isn't the place for you. You don't know anything about me."

"As much as you know about me." The other shook her head. "I guess it's different," said she. "Folks around here don't have anything to do with me. You'd be lonely."

"I want a place where I can be alone."

The woman gave her a steady look; then she said, calmly, as though offering an explanation that did not touch herself at all, "My name's Miriam. Around here they seem to think it ought to be Hagar."

Anita flushed a little under the baldness of it; but she said, "Well—there's a wilderness for most of us. I am—in flight, too."

"Come in," Miriam had said; and so far that remained the fullness of explanation between them. Anita was thinking of it today, because of the letter she had brought from the village, the letter postmarked Cleveland and forwarded by the man who took cases like hers. "You will remember that you were warned," her mother had written. "Your hiding yourself away now is nothing more than a pose. It doesn't help things. You can get a divorce here as well as wherever you are, and you will come home at once, where you belong. The sooner it is all over, and we can forget the unfortunate affair—"

Anita's lips twisted in a bitter little smile; her eyes hardened. She crossed the road to the grassy bank under the apple tree, and leaned her elbows on the fence, looking off across the mellowing fields. Beyond, a tremulous breath of green along the river; early-plowed furrows, gleaming where the setting sun touched them; purple shadows under the hill, appleblossom in her hair, blazes and violets under her feet, a world pulsing to new life—this quietude, this peace, peace but for her thoughts—her being here a pose! Oh, yes, they had warned her! Heavens, how they had warned her! She had been won by the glamour of a uniform; they didn't know anything about his people; he wasn't her "sort." He was poor; worse, he was visionary, with those talked-of inventions of his; did she suppose she could be happy as a poor man's wife, even though she did have a wee bit of money of her own! And look at the day his lips set, and that hard look that came into his eyes when he faced their perfectly natural opposition to the marriage! She had always been headstrong, always wanted her own way; did she think she could get on with a man like that!

Oh, it was unthinkable; so the family had warned her. And their warnings had but added to her feeling of release, her joyous sense of conquest, when she had gone to her man.

Four years ago—and now it was all over! Her mother had no better word for it than to call it an unfortunate affair, that marriage and the divorce she was waiting for. No better word for those four brimming years of life. Only that, for the first glad confidence of having found her mate; for the happy making of the little home; for her pride in her Michael. That, for the daily growing loneliness, the feeling of being cut off from her own world; for the slowly creeping reserves between them that had been swept away, at lessening intervals, by the re-blossoming of their love; that—for quarrels and kisses, for bitter words and repentant cheek to cheek, for the hours that he was away from her and his increasing absorption in his work and her unreasonable jealousy of it; for the crowning moments of their repented love—oh, for all of it, everything; Not great things; not even great things, but little things that totaled so disastrously high; and, at last, for her conviction that their marriage had been a mistake, that they were not meant for each other, that the only thing to do was to end it, to end it. Then, her flight; her communicating with him through the man who took cases like hers; and, at last, Miriam's.

Now for a month she had been here, where she had thought peace must dwell; been here watching spring come, watching Miriam, thinking. Sipping birds on the wing; Miriam, working; Anita—thinking. Miriam plowing, Miriam at work in the garden, sowing early peas, digging parsnips and taking a share to the house next door and leaving them on the doorstep; Anita—watching, thinking. Miriam and her father, that old man who gave her no pleasant word, nor helped in her tasks; the old man with a snarl, a bitter name for her sometimes; the old man sitting in the sun, or in the window with a Bible on his knees; Miriam serene in the kitchen, humming, tramping from stove to table; Anita—idle, thinking. The cow lowing for her calf; Miriam carrying a brimming pail of milk across the grass to the house next door, the girl there who went in when she saw her coming with the gift; Anita—remembering Michael, his obliviousness, thinking, thinking. Blue birds nesting; Miriam running to a child who had stumbled on the road, wiping the tears from his face; Anita—thinking, of the children Michael had wanted, and she had not. The clod of a youth next door, and the stone he threw at Miriam, and the way she smiled when she put hot water on the cut; Anita—thinking, thinking of the wounds of the spirit that she had kept to herself and resented, thinking.

"You aren't much like other women," Miriam said to her one day, when she had come back from leaving another thankless gift at the house next door. "You never ask any questions."

"Well—you aren't much like other women, yourself," Anita answered.

But Miriam laughed, tossed back a stray lock of hair and said, "Oh, yes I am! That's just exactly what I am!"

The old man muttered an ugly name; Anita watched Miriam, watched the swelling apple buds, thought. Thoughts that were bruises, memories that flamed and seared; questionings that would not be answered; no help from the nights or days, no bread of understanding, no water of comfort. So had the weeks passed.

The day the letter came she went out after supper and sat on the doorstep. A young moon had left the night to the radiance of gleaming stars; the tender sweetness of the air was pierced by the song of the little frogs caroling their return to life, and the sadness of past summers, and the joy of the summer to come; the fragrance of the drying fields was like an incense. A world drowsing, yet stirring to resurrection . . . Michael . . .

at work, of course . . . later, the opening of a door and the night's air coming in; his step on the stairs and the way—the way—Oh! No—no!

Miriam's skirt was brushing Anita's shoulder. "What a night!" she said. There was a basket in her hand. "Don't you want to walk down the road? I have an errand. A man who does work for me sometimes is in trouble."

They went side by side through the song and the incense and the starlight. Miriam intent upon her errand, Anita—remembering, thinking. They went through the village, and those they met passed them by as though they were shadows; they came to a house on a hillside beyond a low, poor house, where a lamp shone from within. A man came to the door; his eyes in his unshaven face looked as though some fire of pain had burned in them and died leaving them seared. He looked at Miriam.

"I can't come to work in the morning," he said.

"I know," she told him. "I'll be there with you, tomorrow. Here's something I've brought for her to eat. You must take some, too. You'll need your strength."

"She ain't eat anything yet," the man said, "She's awful sick—grievin'."

Before they had gone far on their homeward way the man overtook them. "I wanted to ask you—would it be showing respect if I did it for them myself? The sexton charges five dollars, and—but I wouldn't want to do anything that didn't show respect."

Miriam touched his arm. "It would be the most beautiful thing you could do," she said. "You'd always have it to remember—that you had done something for them."

As they neared Miriam's house, she said, softly, "It is such a very beautiful world."

"Beautiful!" All of Anita's bitterness, all the drops of her accumulated thinking, lay in the word.

"Yes, it is. Struggle is not beautiful, nor shirking; but just living is."

"There was death back there, wasn't there. Pain first, and death, and sorrow. Is that beautiful? And your days—the way you have to work, the way people—that stone . . . How can you call it beautiful?"

"I know," said Miriam. "I used to feel that way, too. I hadn't weighed things. I used to think more about what I had to pay than about what I had. Of course you have to pay for whatever you have. Everybody has to pay, one way or another. But that's only fair. Life's worth it."

"Never! Nothing could be worth-what you have to pay sometimes."

"Ah—" The word was a murmur of protest; then Miriam said, "Look up at that sky! It was a night like this that I went away, with—him. Oh, I knew what I was doing. I knew what they'd—think of me. Rightly, too. I knew I'd have to pay, but I'd made up my mind that what I would have would be worth it. It's the greatest thing there is; I guess everybody pays for it one way or another. We had always loved each other; I threw him over; and after mother died, and I came back here to teach the school and look after father, he was married to someone else. They lived next door. Yes, those are his children. He always worked hard, but he never got on. His wife—she wasn't easy to live with; at last they had to take her to the asylum—hopeless. Her mother came to look after the children. Then—he got tuberculosis. There on the porch, night and day; not a chance for him here, but the West—so we went. He lived eight years. And I lived them. Now—I'm paying, that's all. It was worth it."

Oh, those thoughts that sobbed and sang, those thoughts that stung and throbbed and flamed! "Worth it! Then what you had was different, somehow greater—"

"It was just what other women have. Good and bad. The better and the worse. Marriage is like that. Neither of us was an angel. You don't live with any man eight years on honey. His wife died soon, and we were married before the law; but sometimes I remembered what I'd done, and something in me shrank away from myself; sometimes he was lonely, fretful, impatient. We said things; we wanted things. But we had each other. We belonged. Yes, it was worth it."

They walked on through a shadowy place, came out into the starlight again. "You are so strong," whispered Anita.

"Because I came back here to look after them all? I'd have had to pay, anyway. It's life that's strong. You don't get away from life. Life makes you pay, even when you think you're dodging payment. Honest—life is. It gives—but it makes you pay for value received. One way or another."

They were passing the house next door, where the surly girl and the cruel lad lived. "One thing you escaped," Anita said. "You must be thankful that you had no children."

Miriam stood still, looked at her. "I would give all the rest of my life," she said, "if I might have put a child of mine into the arms of the man I loved. I would go into any bondage if I might only serve a living child of my own, and it would be freedom, blessed freedom."

Anita shuddered. "Ah—you're not like any other woman! No one else would say that, honestly! Children are care and anxiety and mostly sorrow—do you think anybody deliberately chooses that, today?"

"I know they do! It's a small price to pay for the joy of it, child."

"Never! It's not worth it! I don't believe anyone honestly thinks it is!"

Miriam walked on. "Come with me tomorrow," she said. "I think perhaps you'll understand, then."

So, in the morning, they walked the road together again; this time Miriam had a great sheaf of blossoms in her arms. They came to a quiet place on a hill, and there they met the man of the night before. There was a small box at his feet, carefully wrapped, and in his hand a spade. He began to dig, and as the yellow earth became a mound Anita drew back, shuddering.

"One was a boy and one was a girl," the man said. "Twins. The others is all girls."

"Yes," said Miriam, softly. "Two to love. Two to remember."

"We'll do that," said the man. "Both of us will do that."

Anita's hand went to her throat. They waited until the mound was higher, until the man stood waist-deep in the earth.

"I guess it's enough," he said, looking up at Miriam. "They're so little."

She gave him the nothings of bloom. "Make them a suit bed," she told him. He took them—blossoms that would never be fruit—and lined the grave with them. Anita watched his mired fingers touching their pink and whiteness, caressing them, laying them so that no stems protruded. Then he clambered out, and knelt beside the box on the ground.

"Would you want to see it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" Miriam murmured, stooping. Anita had all she could do not to draw back. But she could not take her eyes from those soul-gripped hands with their nails broken by toil, as they unfastened the paper. The hands were shaking, shaking; the man did not look up.

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"It's velvet. See—white velvet!" Miriam knelt and touched the soft fabric. "Oh, lovely, lovely," she said.

"Twins," the man said, his voice husky. "They're layin' in there with their arms around each other. They look like little dolls."

"It isn't everybody has twins," Miriam said. "You've had them."

"That's what my wife said. 'I'm glad we had them, anyway, Ben,' she said." He laid the little box down upon the soft bed of flowers.

Anita, feeling as though the wings of her spirit were beating against her heart, stumbled away into the woods. Last year's leaves underfoot; a dead thrush in the path; fern unfolding, and—the earth falling from the spade, back there . . . Life, that was life, everywhere . . . honest life, that gave and gave, and made you pay . . . Bread of understanding . . . Water of comfort . . . Michael.

She found their little house locked and unlighted; she guessed that he had not used it since her flight. She found him on the old couch in his office, an arm thrown over his eyes in the gesture of sleep that she remembered. Her picture was still on his desk; but the littered untidiness of his papers, his crumpled clothes, the weary relaxation of him, all impressed her as never before with the pitiable helplessness of the male, his unconscious dependence on woman-made comfort.

"Michael—Michael—" Oh, on her knees—just to touch . . . him . . . The eyes that met hers were like that other man's who had lost and suffered, blackened from a fire that burned too hot and too long. "Nita!" he whispered. Then, sitting up, "Nita! It's—Nita."

"Not a sob—speech first, and her hands upon him. 'Michael! I've come back. I'm sorry, Michael. I didn't understand!'"

"Understand—" "It's you I want, Michael—and life—to be together. I'm willing to pay—" His grasp on her arms hurt her, but the hurt made her glad. "Nita! What are you talking about! Pay?"

"Pay—yes! I've found out, Michael—I've thought, oh, thought! I was wrong—I wanted happiness, and I wasn't willing to pay for it. I thought you could have, without paying. I know better now. You have to pay for everything—life makes you do that, whether you want to or not. But it's worth it, Michael, it's worth it."

His face close to hers, his eyes smoldered with a gleam of fire in them deep. "Worth it!"

"Ah—yes! You, and me, together! That's the great thing. Nothing else counts. Life—I want all of it, good days and bad; all our joy and even—sorrow. And children—I want children; and work, and—and wanting and hoping—Oh, I want you! You, Michael! I'm willing to pay whatever I must . . ."

Now it was his arms that hurt, and his heart on hers that made the singing. "Oh, my darling! Life can't be long enough to pay for all that! I need you so . . ."

"Oh, spring and blossoming summer, and the fall of leaves. Oh, life and its song and its battles! Oh, the dear weight of his head on her breast, her hand on his heart! Oh, promise—fulfillment!"

"Yes, dear—yes! I'm here with you. . . ."

EARLY FORM OF CIGARETTE

Columbus' Historian Tells of Methods of Using Tobacco as Practiced by the Indians.

Of all things American, nothing is more so than the cigarette. When for the first time a European set foot in the western hemisphere, those Indian natives of San Salvador, who so startled the brave Genoese by blowing smoke from their mouths and nostrils, were really smoking crude and primitive cigarettes—tobacco wrapped in the leaves of Indian corn. Bartholomew de Las Casas, the apostle of the Indies, who edited the journal of Columbus, in his "Historia de las Indias," tells of two men of Columbus' party who returned from an expedition inland with an account of how the aborigines were accustomed to the solace of tobacco. Their manner of smoking, as narrated by Las Casas, plainly suggests the cigarette, and this is accounted the earliest reference to the use of tobacco in that form.

The natives of the New world, said the Spaniard, "wrap the tobacco in a certain leaf, in the manner of a musket formed of paper, and, having lighted one end of it, by the other they suck, absorb or receive that smoke inside with their breath."

An Old Acquaintance.

He was the typical master, and when he boarded the street car he looked carefully down the aisle before he sat down, and chose a seat beside a pretty young girl. The passengers were indeed very interested, although inclined to resent the young man's forwardness.

As the man sat down he looked carefully at the girl, smiled at her and tipped his hat.

"I beg your pardon, but haven't we met somewhere before?" he asked.

The girl gave him her best icy stare.

"Yes, I think we have," she answered. "If I am not mistaken you are the man who used to haul our boxes."—Kansas City Star.

Great Luck.

A little golf story from New York. A wife, given at the game, said to her husband, "I had fine luck this morning. I did the nine holes in par." He looked skeptical.

"I did," she insisted. "Of course it was par. Haven't you always told me that par is 100?"

WOODBURY

The evangelistic services conducted by Rev. O. P. Haines of Lima, O., in the Brethren church north of town are being well attended. There has been quite a number of converts up to this time. They will be received into the church Sunday afternoon by the rite of baptism. The services will close Sunday evening with the semi-annual lovefeast.

D. N. Byers was at Bedford last Tuesday where he attended the annual county Sunday school convention. He represented the Lutheran Sunday school.

Dr. and Mrs. I. C. Stayer and children David, Anna and Frank, motored to Huntingdon on Monday morning where they attended commencement at Juniata college. They were accompanied home by their children Raymond and Pauline who were students there.

Mrs. Mary Basler has returned to her home at Roaring Spring after spending several days with her sister Mrs. J. G. Krichbaum.

Miss Virginia Stayer who just completed her third term of school at Hollidaysburg is attending commencement at Mellersville state normal. Miss Stayer is a former graduate of that institution.

Messrs. Wilber Stayer, Harvey and Mervin Kagarise and Rev. Howard Keiper and Miss Martha Stayer have returned home after spending the past year at Juniata College.

Mrs. Ima Ressler and children of Rafsburg returned to their home Sunday after spending several days with her sister Mrs. Luther Clouse.

G. R. Imler, an aged Civil war veteran, is quite indisposed at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crissman and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bulger motored to Washington Sunday where they spent the week attending the Shriners' convention.

Rev. D. Howard Keiper, a theological student of Juniata college, will go to Glen Campbell Monday, June 11, where he will serve the vacancy in the Church of the Brethren during his vacation.

Tommy Myers has suffered another paralytic stroke and is a very critical condition at this time.

George H. Myers of Tulsa, Okla., who is employed by the Sinclair Oil company as a geologist, has been called home on account of the serious illness of his father, T. M. Myers.

Mrs. Minnie Henry has a California poppy of the scarlet beauty variety in bloom in her yard which is attracting much attention. The flower measures nine inches in diameter.

William McMahon is spending a few days with his parents Mr. and Mrs. B. F. McMahon prior to his graduation in civil engineering at State college, after which he will locate at Chester as a surveyor in the employ of the government. He will be accompanied to State college by his parents and sisters Misses Evelyn and Hazel.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hatfield, Mrs. Mary Replogle and daughter Miss Arelia, of Altoona were callers Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Beebe.

Dreel Moore and Harold Stoner, who are employed in Altoona, were over Sunday guests of their parents.

Miss Romaine Bulger is spending several weeks in Altoona, were over Sunday guests of their parents.

Miss Romaine Bulger is spending several weeks in Altoona visiting her sisters Mrs. W. V. Davis and Mrs. D. B. Replogle and Mrs. Herbert Hoover.

Mrs. Susan Baker, sister of G. Z. Replogle, in whose home she is being tenderly cared for, is not improving but is gradually growing weaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Heckman Bulger entertained at dinner Sunday Mrs. Savina Lecron and son Harry and daughter Vina.

BEDFORD ROUTE 3

Mr. and Mrs. John Lilly and family spent Sunday with friends in New Baltimore.

Mrs. Francis Finn, of Cumberland spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Heming and was accompanied home by her sister Louise who has accepted a position in Cumberland.

Mrs. Rose and brother Ellis, of Cumberland, were visiting relatives near Bedford Sunday.

Mrs. W. E. Hunt and son Curten spent several days visiting Mrs. Hunt's parents in Robinsonville.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hartman and children and Miss Emma Hartman, of Altoona, spent Sunday at the home of James Heming.

Mr. Hugh Heming who has been working in Altoona for some time has accepted a position in the Rustic Furniture Factory in Bedford.

Miss Helen Dunning has been on the sick list for several days.

Helen Arnold and brother Willard came home last week from Shipensburg State Normal.

Mr. Helic Crowden and grandfather, James Miller visited at the home of Jacob Howares Sunday.

SHERMAN VALLEY

Sunday school at Sherman Valley was largely attended Sunday.

Mr. Charley Wright and son, Frank visited at the home of Mrs. M. D. Dodson and sons on Sunday.

John Wright, Clifford Worsing and Stanley Wright visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Wright on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Wright, of Altoona, visited his brother, William D. Wright from Saturday until Monday.

A little nine month old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dodson was born on June 7th. Funeral service was held in the Presbyterian church on Saturday at 2:30 o'clock by Rev. Riddle of Everett.

Charley Wright purchased a fine young heifer from Mr. Roy Helsel of Wells Valley.

Those who visited at the home of David Ford on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Chesser Worsing.

WATERBURY

Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers Steele and son of Williamsburg visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Steel last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Swartz of Pincroft spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Swartz.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brown, sons Robert and Sheridan and Mrs. Ralph Tooters were in Altoona on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Baker and daughter Alma were in Altoona and Greenwood last Thursday.

Miss Agnes Hostler of Pincroft is visiting Margaret Swartz.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith and children Freda, Dorothy and Paul, of Everett were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Steele.

Mrs. Lloyd Hoffman and daughter Nora and sons Clair and Raleigh, of Roaring Spring were visitors at Calvin Croft's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Croft and son Harry and Miss Matthews were Sunday visitors at the C. F. Manges home at Claysburg.

Mrs. Harry Steele and daughter Bertha and Mrs. C. E. Croft visited Mrs. Tobias Steele near Loysburg on Monday afternoon.

Miss Grace Woodcock of Martinsburg is spending a few days with Misses Marguerite and Ruth Reinin.

Miss Emma Croft has returned to her home after visiting a week with her sister Mrs. C. F. Manges at Claysburg.

Howard Swartz of Blair Four called on A. C. Swartz last Wednesday.

Sunday visitors at C. E. Croft's were Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Croft and daughter Pearl, and sons Norman and Martin of Martinsburg and Mr. and Mrs. James Croft of Marie.

O. K. Beach and daughters Virginia and Maurice were in Altoona on Tuesday.

Clyde Walter and wife and children of Roaring Spring called at Fred Walter's on Sunday evening. Saturday evening callers at the same home were Mrs. Howard Baker and daughter of Texas Corner.

Miss Bess Gates of Columbus, O. is spending a few days with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Adam Gates.

Mrs. Morris Baker and Mrs. How and Beach of Texas Corner visited Mrs. J. Frank Snavely last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hite, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wilson and Mrs. Shaffer all of Altoona visited Mrs. P. K. Brown last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Christ Holsinger and daughter's Marion and Elda of Roaring Spring and son Harris of Akron, O., called at O. K. Beaches' last Wednesday.

Miss Ora Kagarise of Salemville visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Walter on Sunday.

Sunday visitors at H. L. Ritchey's were Nellie Ritchey and William Stumbard of Altoona and Ira Detwiler and wife and children of New Enterprise.

Irvin Keagy was at Allentown as a delegate to the Grand Lodge from Woodbury.

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CLASSIFIED ADS

COWS! COWS! COWS!

I am buying fresh cows, close springers and bologna cows. Also buying wool.

C. L. Longenecker, Bedford, Pa. County phone.

APARTMENT WANTED—Three or four rooms furnished or unfurnished, must be private tenement, permanent. Will take lease. Write box 72, Bedford. June 15—23.

Harrison twp. School Board will meet at Buffalo Mills on Saturday, June 30th at 1:30 P. M. for the purpose of electing teachers for the coming term. Also to receive bids for coal and kindling.

H. G. Mowry, Secretary, Buffalo Mills, Pa. June 15—30.

Splendid white leghorn chicks for delivery June 19th and June 27th, 15 cents each. Jos. J. Barclay, Bedford. June 15 *

WANTED—A lady capable of taking charge of this county to act as our agent; big pay. Nuidea Co., Inc. Penn. Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Car of corn, oats, barley, chop, due any day. \$2.00 per hundred weight off car. H. H. Lysinger & Son June 15.

FOR SALE—One good fresh cow. John R. Bergstresser, one mile North of Imletown.

Teachers wanted for primary, intermediate and grammar school and assistant High School teacher. All applications must be in on or before June 5th.

H. J. Mock, Sec., School Board, New Paris, Pa.

FOR SALE—Splendid hatching Prairie State incubators. Also stove brooders and oil hovers. Jos. J. Barclay, Bedford, Pa. Catalogues mailed. Feb. 16th.

LOST—Traveling bag between Henry Shoemakers and Bedford last Sunday. Return to this office and reward will be given.

If you want to raise strong rugged chicks feed them semi-solid butter-milk. G. A. Carpenter, Co. phone Mann's Choice, Rt. 1, Apr. 1 tf.

FOR SALE—Peerless Traction Engine 12 H. P. Peerless separator 24x38 also lot belts. Will sell cheap to quick buyer. E. P. Hershberger, Spring Hope, Pa. June 8—22.

FOR SALE—My fruit farm of 58 acres, 1000 trees, more or less, bearing fruit, 14 room house, barn and four out buildings, graded school, church, two stores and telephones. Located at Wolfburg, Pa., on the Lincoln Highway. Apply to Dr. A. C. Wolf, Bedford, Pa. June 8—15—22

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF Adam Sellers, late of Bedford Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted the undersigned executor named in the last will and testament of Adam Sellers late of Bedford Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.

A. Ross Sellers, Executor, Rt. 2, Bedford, Pa.

George Points, Attorney, June 15 July 20.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

ESTATE OF William H. Trail, late of Southampton township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

Webster H. Trail, Administrator, Chaneyville.

B. F. Madore, Attorney, June 15 July 20.

CUT-GLASS BEDSTEAD

English manufacturers filled an order from a newly-rich of Calcutta for a heavy cut-glass bedstead, the purchase asking that the design be ornate, the cutting deep and massive and that the article be made strong enough to be dependable.

RECENT LANDHOLDERS

A peasant family has been found in France that has held the same land for nine centuries, handed on from father to son since 1023. But in China, south of Peking, a peasant told an inquisitive foreigner that his family has held the same little plot of ground for more than 2,000 years.

When Godfrey Dold, a watchmaker of Madison, Ind., was seventy-five he drilled a hole in a No. 7 cambric needle from end to end.

SPRIGGS PLANTS

They Grow

Real Estate For Sale

ATTRACTIVE HOMES

BUNGALOWS

BUILDING LOTS

FARMS

TIMBER LANDS

Three story apartment house with large store room on first floor. Good location.

If you wish to purchase, sell or rent, let me be of service to you.

Rush C. Litzinger

RICHELEU BUILDING

100 Cents on the Dollar

For the first seven years of the life of this bank the dollar, which was worth only 45 cents in gold after the Civil War, remained below face value. In 1879 the dollar got back to par. From its establishment 51 years ago this bank has paid 100 cents on every dollar deposited with it and without a moment's delay.

INTEREST PAID QUARTERLY ON SAVINGS

Hartley Banking Co.

BEDFORD, PA.

BUILDING?

Metzger Has It. Anything You Need In Building Line.

A CAR LOAD OF EACH

Galvanized roofing, plaster, cement, finishing lime and sewer pipe arriving this week. Also a complete line of rubber roofing, slate surfaced roofing, strip shingles, building paper, slater's felt, nails, locks etc.

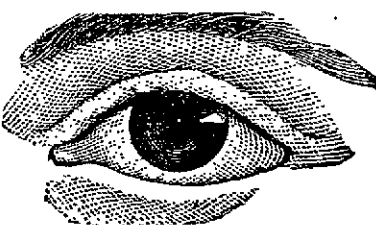
PAINT AND VARNISH

Don't forget when you are painting or finishing your house inside or outside, that we carry everything used in this line. Paste and liquid fillers, floor wax varnish stains, graining colors, schellacs, colors in oil, fresco colors, roof paint, house paint and brushes of all descriptions.

Get Our Prices. Our stock is large, no danger of running out of material when job is half completed. Come in and see us. We will give you the benefit of our many years experience in the paint and varnish business

Wholesale Retail

Metzger Hdwe. & House Furnishing Company



SPECIALIST

Dr. A. C. WOLF, Bedford, Pa.

Public Sale of Spectacles of most excellent quality, pebble ground glass, no scratching. This is a Golden opportunity for any one who needs glasses. It is the best thing yet, that has occurred in clear cut spectacles. Sale opens with first issue of newspaper, July, 1923.

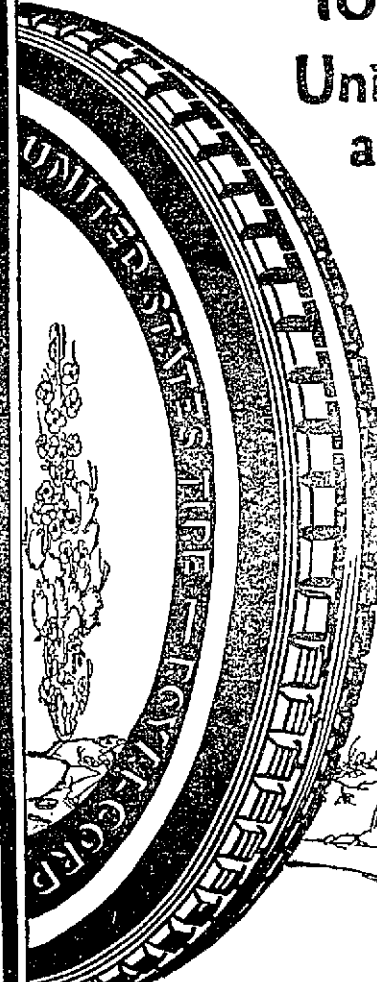
Dr. A. C. WOLF

136—W. PITT ST.,

BEDFORD, PENNA.

More Royal Clinchers for 1923

United States Tires are Good Tires



THE U. S. Tire people took plenty of time in developing the Royal Clincher Cord.

When it was finally placed on sale there were no mistakes in it.

Last year we couldn't make Royal Clinchers fast enough.

Production for 1923 has been more than doubled.

But whenever and wherever you can get a Royal Clincher—take it.

Where to buy U.S. Tires

BEDFORD GARAGE

Bedford, Pa.

THE WILLOWS

Mr. and Mrs. William Seigler, of Duquesne, stopped at Mr. M. H. Ritchey's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Heit returned home after a visit with relatives in Altoona.

Misses Eva S. Galloway and Jean Milroy are spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Ritchey.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Amick and two daughters, Mary Jane and Frances, here.

of Ellerslie, Md., spent several days with his mother.

Mrs. Marion Sansom, of Wilkinsburg, is visiting her father, Mr. Edwin Hartley.

Messrs. Ray Shaffer and Roy Shearer made a trip to Akersville Sunday.

Miss Marion Ritchey, of Swissvale, Mr. G. F. Ritchey and two sons and Warren Ritchey, of Yellow Creek,

spent part of Sunday with relatives.

Bank Note Engravers.

It is said that there are scarcely more than 100 men in the whole world who are trained to be expert bank-note engravers.

Triumph of Justice.

When we attack only injustice, sooner or later we must triumph. In order to insure triumph, then, wish nothing but what is just. Respect the rights even of those who have trampled your rights under foot. Let the safety of liberty, the property of all, without exception be sacred in your eyes, for duty extends equally to all.—Lamenais.